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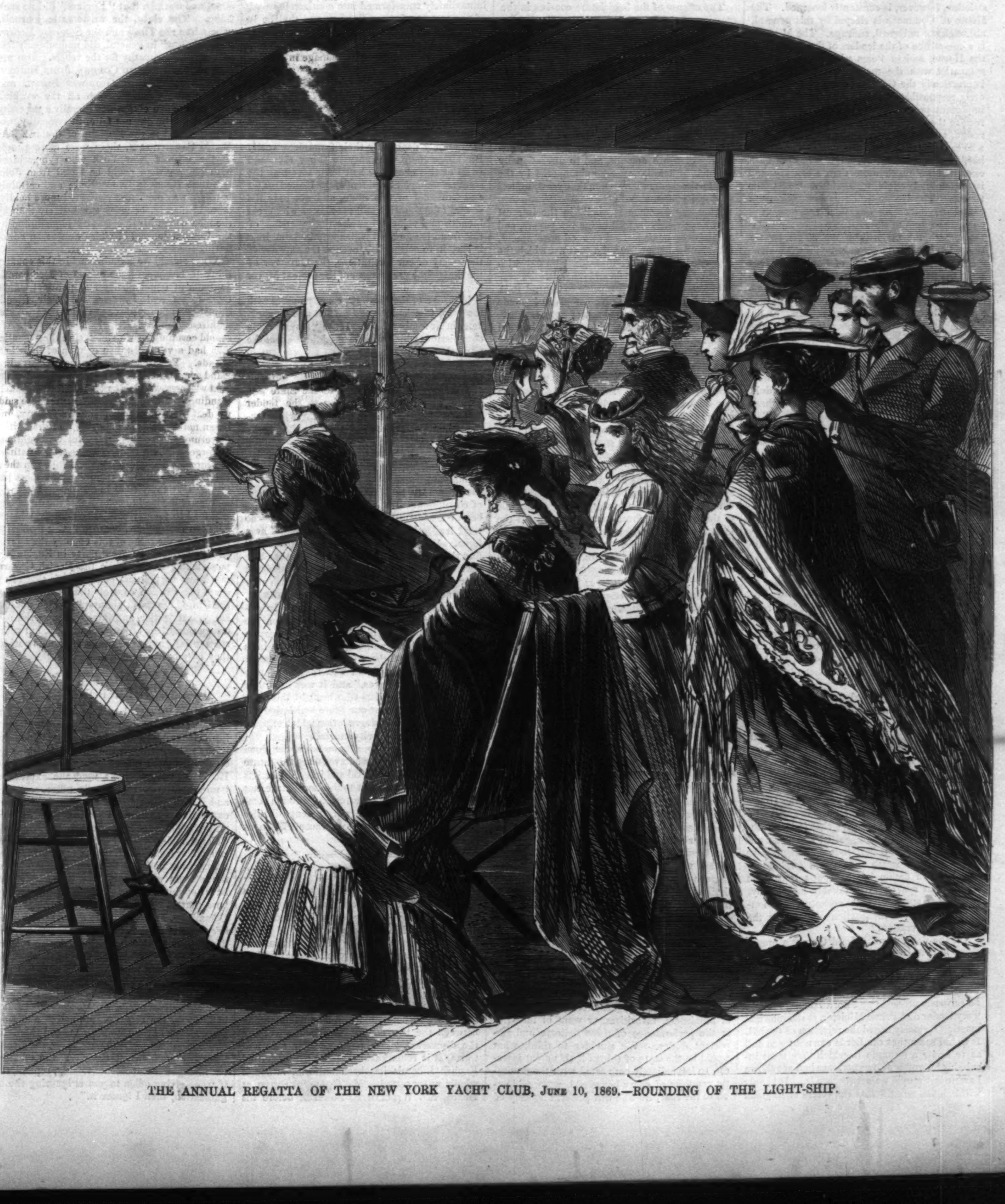
ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

THE annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club came off on the 10th of June. The weather was unfavorable for those interested in the race as well as for the spectators. But there was a good wind, and from the right quarter. And what more does a yachtman desire than a favoring breeze? The spectators, however, look upon the matter from a different point of view; and for them it is not at all pleasant to be compelled to remain in a close cabin. And when the fleet is beyond the bar there is added the additional and disgusting horror of sea-sickness.

Our illustration on this page shows the lady spectators on the *Middletown* with members of the Yacht Club. "A band of music," says the *Tribune* correspondent, "charmed her listening passengers; long tables spread with china, waiters dodging about the passages, and baskets of Champagne heaped in the corners, all hinted at the luxurious gratification of another sense; and the rude, cold wind and sprinkling rain did not apparently dash the spirits of even the tenderest of the curled darlings of fashion that thronged the upper saloons."

The *Idler* and the *White Cap* were the winners in the race. The yacht *Lois*, of the Atlantic Club, was capsized, but all on board were rescued.



THE ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, JUNE 10, 1869.—ROUNDING OF THE LIGHT-SHIP.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 26, 1869.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

LORD CAIRNS, the leader of the Tories in the English House of Peers, is a man of great ability. He is not a dull and blind Conservative merely; and when he proposes to throw down the glove to the House of Commons he sees, of course, the consequences, and must be supposed to have weighed the risk. Of course, if the Lords should persist, the risk is evident enough; it is a conflict between the Peers and Commons, in which, equally of course, the Peers will be defeated, but in which also the fate of the monarchy itself would be involved.

There is probably no sagacious thinker in England who does not feel that the House of Lords is doomed. It continues upon sufferance, and upon condition of its merely ceremonial character. In the present political condition of England, amidst the radical democratic changes which are occurring there, the House of Lords is an anomaly, and is fast becoming, in the general apprehension, an absurdity. The government of England is really a popular government, except that the suffrage is somewhat more restricted than with us. The restriction, however, is constantly loosened. The House of Commons is elected by this general, although not universal, suffrage. The Ministry is a committee of the leaders of the majority of the House, and of Peers who are in political sympathy with the majority. This Ministry is practically the Government, and is immediately responsible to Parliament, so that if any important proposition of the Ministry fails to receive the support of the House, the members resign, and a new selection is made of persons who can count upon such support. The Crown has, theoretically, a veto. But it has not been exercised for much more than a century, and its attempted exercise would endanger the throne. The House of Lords is a concurrent chamber; but upon any vital measure, if it should presume to thwart the will of the Commons, with the majority of the voters behind them, the consequence would be incalculable.

In 1832, when the heart of England was set upon the passage of the Reform bill, the Lords undertook to resist. Earl Grey was Prime Minister, and he loved his order; but he was sincerely interested in the reform, and, at his instance, the King would have "swamped the Peers," as it was called—that is, he would have created Peers enough to make a majority for reform, if the Lords had not yielded. That was the last struggle between the Houses. Since then the House of Lords has been a dull, decorous assembly, whose utterances have been about as influential as those of Mr. Toots. The best Liberals in England, who wish for no rupture, no violent change, but that events may proceed as smoothly as rapidly, foreseeing the necessary fall of the Peers, have lately proposed a system of life-peerages. To this the Lords have reluctantly assented. But the effort seems to have occasioned a reaction toward the assertion of ancient privilege; and the mere possibility of the course suggested by Lord Cairns has produced the utmost excitement.

Indeed, the proposition alone has been sufficient to occasion a very general expression of opinion upon the position of the House of Lords under the Constitution, and of its relation to the welfare of the English people; and the universality and unanimity of this expression shows how entirely the institution has lost its hold. Even the *Times* says—a paper which says nothing that it does not believe to be the general solid opinion of the country—"The result of the struggle is not doubtful......The only question is, not whether the power they think they possess is to be proved non-existent, but whether the power which they can exercise will not be so irrevocably broken as to vanish out of existence." The Liberal papers use stronger language, which, however, does not reveal any stronger conviction of the necessary issue of the contest. The *News* says that the House of Lords stands outside the present system of government. The *Star* says that it is an obsolete chamber—an undisguised anachronism. The *Telegraph*, with ludicrous euphuism, says of the popular wrath that would explode in case of such action by the Lords that "the country has spoken unmistakably and finally. If forced to speak again its accents will no longer be free from indignation or preserve the mood of moderation."

On the day following Lord Cairns's proposition in the caucus of the Lords, the Earl of Harrowby gave notice of a motion to postpone the reading of the Disestablishment bill for six months. This looks as if the matter were to be seriously pressed; and Lord Derby, the late Tory leader and Prime Minister, at the informal meeting seriously urged the rejection of the bill. It would seem that the Lords can not be so dull as to invite a struggle in which they must inevitably be worsted, if experience had not shown how utterly stupid an aristocracy is. It is only within a few months that the voters of England were asked whether they wished the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The subject was thoroughly discussed by them, and by a tremendous majority they said they did. They sent up to Parliament more than a hundred and twenty majority for the disestablishment. Their will is plain; and now a club of rich old gentlemen have a fancy to thwart the popular will. M' luds, it was at Taunton that Mrs. Partington valiantly attempted to mop up the Atlantic Ocean.

THE MAYOR'S MESSAGE.

The various thrusts at State legislation contained in the Message sent to the Common Council on the 8th of June by the Mayor of New York show that Mr. Hall is in full accord with those tax eaters who would have no check applied to expenditure, and none upon local misgovernment.

He speaks of "legislative legerdemain," and of "the recklessly partisan or ignorant influences which were brought to bear against city authorities by rural legislators." But the spirit of the Message is best determined by the question which the Mayor submits to his constituents: "Has not too much regard been paid to the clamor of tax-paying cliques, or of some rich men who have cared more to amass family wealth than to invite metropolitan grandeur!"

The offense of the Legislature consists in the creation of the Board of Health, of the Croton Board, of the Police Commissioners, in expunging from our city tax levy of this year a large amount which the city government would otherwise have handled, and, though not named, the establishment of the commission which controls Central Park on a basis of independence of the local city government. The officers of "the various State commissions which are scattered throughout the city," says the Mayor, "are allowed to receive their appropriations in an aggregate amount, and to discretionally spend it in detail, entirely unhampered by the dog-in-the-manger legislation that yearly afflicts the local government."

That the Message is wholly in the interest of the tax eaters instead of the tax payers, and of misgovernment instead of good government, will readily appear from the contrast which the acts of the various commissions present with those of the local boards and officials.

We can point with just pride to Central Park for good management. No complaint is made of corruption there, none even of extravagance, and every citizen feels, what can not be said of other expenditures, that there is something to show for it. The Park is laid out not only with good judgment but with refined taste, and it is kept in very high order, and under the most perfect control. Imagine what would be the situation if it were given up to those who manage the Battery, Tompkins Square, or the City Hall Park. The grass on the small plots in Union and Madison squares, instead of being closely cut, was allowed this season to become suitable for hay, and was cut only a few days since, doubtless as part of the policy which subjects every thing public to the interests of officials down to the lowest grade. The sale of the grass for private benefit constituted the motive for not gratifying the public taste with grounds in high order.

As to the Board of Health, every good citizen knows that it is managed with judgment, economy, and integrity. If its powers were devolved on officials responsible to a majority of city voters, the tendency to uncleanness which is manifested in many portions would assert itself with great injury to the public health, and consequently to the business of the city. This Board performs its duty fearlessly and firmly, and is not suspected of favoritism or corruption.

It is very certain that in the introduction of the Croton into the city the work throughout, from the Croton River, about forty miles distant, to and including the reservoirs, has been conducted with the highest engineering skill and solidity, and with a freedom from jobs and dishonesty never surpassed in the management of any expenditure. The work was done under a commission appointed by the State, which was presided over by Stephen Allen, whose associates partook of his unsullied reputation. In order to have the distribution of the water into houses, and its discharge through proper sewers, managed with the same spirit, the Legislature was appealed to for a law creating a similar Board; and although the criticism of the Mayor against the use of vitrified stoneware pipes in place of the brick sewers, may be sound, except for use in unimportant localities, we yet feel satisfied that in the main the Department is wisely managed. There is a large revenue to collect and disburse; there are immense contracts to execute, and a large discretion to be exercised in adjusting the payments for water, and yet there is no pretense of unfairness, favoritism, or want of integrity in the performance of these delicate and important duties. We shudder to think what would be the state of things if this great interest, so immediately connected with the domestic comforts of every household, were subjected to the sharpers who will perform no duty of legislation without pay, and who subject all not subservient to the prevailing ring to be preyed upon by the officials whose revenues were diminished by "rural legislators," when they showed mercy to the "clamor of tax-paying cliques" by expunging the worst items of the tax levy.

Nearly all that there is of good government in the city we have derived from the Police Commissioners, who, although embarrassed severely by a judiciary which favored the criminal rather than his victim, and by a population whose violations of law and right had the sympathies of municipal government, had in the main performed their duties with credit and usefulness. A powerful effort has been made to subject this valuable machinery to the control of that same interest, which has prostituted all within its reach to the encouragement of misgovernment and vice. Some apprehension is felt that this object may be accomplished, and that the small force which stands in the way of disorder may turn its energies in the opposite direction. Every citizen should watch this tendency, and oppose every effort to break down this only remaining safeguard.

The city of New York is a part of the political machinery of the State, through which the State carries into effect its public powers. It is the gate through which a vast emigration enters and at which much of it loiters. In this respect the city is peculiar, and as we know from recent experience that the new-comer is immediately transformed into a citizen in fraud of our system of naturalization, and that he is wielded in an effort to control the whole Union, it will readily be seen that the State has an important and delicate duty to manage in this respect.

The last Legislature, in addition to curtailing the pecuniary means by which this object is expected to be accomplished, passed an amendment of the Registry Act, whereby the corrupt of these emigrants might be a little hindered in prematurely depositing their fraudulent votes. But although from twenty to thirty thousand votes of this character had been given at the recent election for President of the United States and Governor of this State, and not only the stream of emigration still reaches us with great breadth and velocity but also the repetition of this fraud is an object which criminal ambition is certain to accomplish, even at the expense of the safety of our institutions, the Governor of the State—the predecessor of the present Mayor—vetoed the bill.

The tone of the Message, corresponding with the veto, foreshadows the conflict and its character in November, 1872. If the "several State commissions which are scattered throughout the city" shall share the fate of the amendment to the Registry law, the same interest which tramples every vestige of good government in this city under foot will triumph in the State and nation, and deliver both over to the tender mercies of those who ought to know government in its terrors rather than in sharing its honors.

There are strong reasons for the apprehension that, although much good has been done by the commissions appointed under State authority, the system will ultimately fail from the pressure of corruption. For many years past the number of members has at Albany increased who treat legislation as a job and their oaths as a farce. Whoever traces this to its source will find that it was coeval with the passage of State laws confirming or creating city railroads in New York, and that efforts to establish new lines, and particularly the Broadway railroad, have greatly increased this tendency. In advance of this disgrace in Albany legislation, the Common Council of New York, in the creation without legislative authority of prominent lines of city roads, and the attempted establishment of one in Broadway, had won the appellation of the "Forty Thieves," and it was doubtless through those lobbyists who brought this stigma upon the city that our State legislation has reached the point of degradation which exposes it to the censure of a city official.

But it is proper to acknowledge the good which has been done, whatever fears the future may awaken. If the rural and interior districts can not send honest men to the Legislature, not only will this system of governing through commissions perish, but free government will also perish, through the hands of those chosen as representatives.

GOOD SENSE AND GOOD FEELING.

The debate upon the *Alabama* question has become much less excited and very reasonable. There seems to be a well-founded impression that Mr. Sumner's speech, if it expressed the general feeling of the Administration, did not indicate its probable policy; while the remarks of Mr. Motley at Liverpool, and of Lord Clarendon in Parliament, show a friendly and conciliatory spirit which forbids the expectation of any thing but the most intelligent and honorable mutual understanding between the two countries. Upon surveying the discussion, which has been both able and warm, it is remarkable that the expression of English Liberals has been uniform, although wholly unconcerted. Mr. Goldwin Smith at Ithaca, Mr. William E. Forster before his constituents, the *Spectator* and the *News* and the *Star* and the Liberal English press, Mr. Justin M'Carthy in New York, all agree in two fundamental points—that there was a most hostile feeling toward this country upon the part of the English aristocracy and middle class; and that that feeling, which the Liberals all deplore, is not an international crime.

The recognition of belligerent rights to actual belligerents they all think to be a matter wholly within the discretion of any Power, while they all agree in regretting that, as a matter of courtesy, the ministry had not awaited the arrival of Mr. Adams. In this view they are sustained by President Woolsey of Yale College, an authority in international law. Moreover, while claiming that this discretion must be left to every nation, subject to question only as to the method of this exercise, many of the English Liberals assert, and none expressly deny, that the Government of Great Britain might very properly express its regret at the escape of the *Alabama*, whether it should prove to be technically a breach of international law or not, upon the general ground of the natural feeling in this country, and of the desirability of maintaining the most friendly relations.

These gentlemen, also, all lay great stress upon one of these points which we have not properly considered. They insist, and with reason, that we have no right to assert that "England" favored the rebellion. They declare, and warmly, that "England" did no such thing. The clubs, the aristocratic journals, papers like the *Times* and the *Saturday Review*, and "society" in general, did undoubtedly feel and express sympathy for the rebels. But are such men as Richard Cobden, John Bright, John Stuart Mill, Goldwin Smith, and John Eliot Cairnes, with all the working classes to whom cotton was literally a necessity of life, but who did not falter in sympathy, not to be counted in the England of to-day? As Mr. M'Carthy says, there were more people in the city of New York who sympathized with Slavery than could be found from John O'Groat's House to Land's End; and certainly nowhere was our cause presented more boldly, more brilliantly, or more conclusively than by the men whom Mr. M'Carthy named, and by the London journal of which he was an editor during the war.

What should we Republicans in this country think if, because of the sneers of Democratic journals at equal liberty and political rights, Gladstone and Bright and their friends should vehemently declare that America sympathized with the British aristocracy? We should certainly be of opinion that these gentlemen had a very mistaken opinion of their best friends. Yet in one breath we declare England sympathized with the rebellion, and in the next we sneer at Goldwin Smith for not understanding us. Of course, as we have before said, we deal with the Government of a country, and it can not be said that the action of the British Government was friendly. But we ought not to forget—as we confess we have sometimes forgotten when discussing the subject in these columns—that there was an England most just and most friendly to us in our darkest hour.

We are inclined to believe that the discussion will lead to greater cordiality than ever before between the nations, because it will firmly impress upon the mind of this country the conviction that there is a great party in England—a party which now controls the British Government—whose political philosophy is that of the great party which controls the Government of the United States; a philosophy which not only recognizes justice and intelligence as the necessary conditions of national welfare, but which substantially agrees as to the methods by which they may best be secured.

OFFICIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

We are very glad to see that Colonel Duganne, at a late meeting of the Radical Republican General Committee of the city, denounced in the strongest terms the plan of besieging every Government officer with claims for office. He is reported to have used the expression, "miserable crew of beggarly office-seekers;" and if strong, we do not suppose that it is an expression which will be rejected as inappropriate. The excellent gentlemen to whom the Colonel addressed himself seem, so far as we can gather from their remarks, to consider themselves, in some inscrutable way, the masters of the officers whom the President and Senate have appointed in the city. They seem to suppose that those officers are responsible to the Committee, and that not to do what any member of the Committee, or its representative, may demand, is to deserve public censure and removal by the President. One of these official delinquents was represented by a member of the Committee, who required the appointment of one of his friends to some position in the delinquent's department, as "tossing his head as haughty as the Great Napoleon;" and when the member of the Committee asked the delinquent whether he meant "to ignore the Republican organizations of the city," the offender, with haughtier Napoleonic tossing, replied, that if "not giving office to you is ignoring the organization, then I ignore it."

For the honor of the other excellent gentlemen we are glad to record that these remarks were received with loud laughter. But it is not to their honor that Judge CULVER denounced, with applause, the remarks of Colonel DUGANNE. The officers of the United States in the city of New York are, strange as it may seem, not responsible in any degree whatsoever to any committee. They are responsible only to the President of the United States. Nor is there any honorable man, who regards the continued predominance of the Republican party, who will not agree with Colonel DUGANNE that "it would be better for the organization if honest and bold words like those he had uttered were spoken often, instead of covering up the rottenness and iniquities of the party by silence or denunciation."

THE "OLD MOLE."

MR. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS is the political residuary legatee of Mr. JOHN C. CALHOUN. To read Mr. STEPHENS's late letter is like reading one of Mr. CALHOUN's old speeches. He propounds the doctrine of State sovereignty as Mr. CALHOUN used to propound it, and insists that it is the orthodox doctrine as established by the Kentucky resolutions of '98. The nation is a "nation of nations," the Union is a Confederacy, and nothing but calamity and catastrophe await us until we return to the philosophy of CALHOUN, and the practice of the old Confederation. Meanwhile, we are drifting toward the overthrow of liberty.

Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, who gloried in an empire founded upon the corner-stone of Slavery, has, of course, a lively conception of Liberty. There was never, in fact, a man more amusingly misunderstood than he. At the beginning of the war he was gravely thought to be a "Union man." But those who have followed his career will certainly relieve him of all suspicion of ever having valued the Union except as the fortification of the sheerest despotism. When he made his speech in reply to Mr. TOOMBS, at the beginning of the secession movement, it was reprinted and extolled in all the loyal States as indicative of the existence of a sound Union sentiment in the rebel States. But it is only just to Mr. STEPHENS to say that he has been always consistent. He has never been a Union man except in the old Southern sense. He has never had the least faith in the American doctrine of liberty. He was as hearty a rebel as Mr. TOOMBS, but his policy differed radically from that of the dominant secession leaders.

In 1858, when Mr. STEPHENS retired from Congress, he made a speech at Milledgeville in which he stated the reasons of his retirement. They were substantially that the victory of the South—that is, of slavery—was secure. It had been decided by the Supreme Court that slaves could be carried into the Territories and held there as property. In other words, slavery was the national law, and liberty a mere local provision. This great principle, the most conservative of all principles in a system of confederated sovereignties, according to the Democratic party, being fully and finally established, he felt justified in withdrawing from Congress, but held himself always in readiness to maintain "the rights of the South" in the usual way. In the same speech Mr. STEPHENS said that the fathers of the Government undoubtedly held anti-slavery opinions. But they did not understand the subject. Their successors did understand it, however. They knew that it was the bulwark of religion and the foundation of freedom.

When Mr. LINCOLN was elected, and the secession movement began, Mr. STEPHENS thought it would be the wiser policy for slavery to remain in the Union, and to count upon the timidity of trade, the obscurity of the actual provisions of the Constitution, and the demoralization which the long dominance of a party which had no policy but the perpetuation of slavery had worked in the public mind. He was therefore opposed to secession. It involved war, and the issue of war was necessarily doubtful. The better course, in his judgment, was to remain in the Union and confirm the Southern control of it. But the more violent men had their way, and the movement began. Mr. STEPHENS opposed it not in the interest of the Union, but of Southern supremacy within the Union.

In his lately published letter he gravely says that the war was "inaugurated" by the authorities at Washington, "while the Confederate Commissioners, with the olive branch of peace in their hands, were at the seat of the General Government." This is a sufficient illustration of the character of Mr. STEPHENS's view of our government and of the value of his suggestions. We are drifting to a despotism, because each State is not allowed to leave the Union at its pleasure. This fundamental principle of our institutions must be restored, he says. But Mr. STEPHENS concedes that the return to the right path is not to be effected by force; it must be accomplished at the ballot-box.

His letter shows that nothing whatever is to be hoped from the disciples of the old Southern school of State sovereignty, and it is curious only as a last illustration of the purely visionary political philosophy of CALHOUN, which omitted nothing but experience, humanity, and justice from its consideration.

THE ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.

THE result of the late election in France, which the London *Times* sums up by saying that three and a half millions voted for the empire and three millions against it, is certainly very significant. The riots in Paris that followed are not less so. The circumstances show conclusively that the empire is not a success. With all its remorseless resources it has not established itself in the confidence of France, and the result at the polls must be interpreted as a virtual condemnation. It was upon "the glory of France" that LOUIS NAPOLEON depended. He meant to increase its prestige, and to appeal to the Celtic love of renown—a certain refined national vanity. Personal prestige he had none; but he inherited a name flattering to Frenchmen. A sincere desire of really elevating his country he has never shown; but he has constantly displayed a willingness to appeal to the old methods, which are in themselves insulting, as implying a nation of children.

The humanities of every kind are foreign to the empire. Literature and art have languished, and their most illustrious representatives, if not exiled, have been in the Opposition. Of the great events of the reign the Crimean war was the most soothing to French feeling. The Italian campaign ended fatally by the alienation of Italy, and of all those at home whom it should have been the imperial policy to conciliate. The Mexican enterprise was an unspeakable humiliation, and the position of France during the war between Prussia and Austria covered the empire with ridicule. France helped the Pope; Prussia made Italy free. France blustered against a united Germany; Prussia humbled Austria, and is making Germany a unit. Meanwhile the empire has beautified Paris. But its domestic policy has been merely bread and games. It has done nothing to elevate or strengthen the people. It has treated them as a lion-tamer treats his wild beasts—apparently their master, but conscious of their blood-thirsty hostility. "When the Emperor and Empress drove through Montmartre yesterday they were entirely unattended," says the telegraph. But there is not an intelligent man in Paris or elsewhere who does not know that every other man in the crowd was probably a gendarme in plain dress.

The obvious course for the Emperor to pursue is one that is not agreeable to him, and which he will probably not adopt. It is to accept a responsible Ministry; to show some kind of deference to the popular will; to reveal some little comprehension of the age in which he lives, and of the irresistible influences that surround him. LOUIS NAPOLEON has been playing a part in which his uncle could not succeed, although he was one of the extraordinary men in history. His empire has been a game of personal aggrandizement. It has been ignoble and selfish; and at the end of seventeen years, with all his despotic power, he can not prevent a virtual verdict of the people against him and his rule. LOUIS NAPOLEON has been unequal to one of the greatest opportunities in history.

RHODE ISLAND FALTERING.

IT is mortifying that the stanch little Republican State of Rhode Island, whose conduct in the war had just been so triumphantly vindicated against the aspersions of her Senator, Mr. SPRAGUE, and whose other Senator, Mr. ANTHONY, is President *pro tem.* of the Senate which passed the Fifteenth Amendment, should have been the only Republican State to falter in the adoption of the amendment. The assent of twenty-eight States, we believe, is wanted, and twenty-four have already ratified. Rhode Island was considered as not less sure than her neighbors Massachusetts and Vermont. But if Vermont should imitate Rhode Island and postpone action until next winter, it might be justly asserted that the Republican Congress had proposed an amendment which the Republican party in the country did not approve.

The action of the Rhode Island Legislature is a censure upon the vote of her Senators; and although it may be supposed willing to show its displeasure with Mr. SPRAGUE for maligning the courage of his fellow-soldiers, does it also wish to declare that in voting for the amendment equalizing suffrage Mr. ANTHONY misrepresented his State? The explanation volunteered in some quarters that the laws of Rhode Island weigh unjustly upon the foreign-born voters, and that the amendment would abolish inequality, is ludicrous. That is the very intention of the amendment. It certainly did not propose to shift the inequality from one class of voters to another.

In this State of New York the suffrage laws are unjust exactly the other way, and our Legislature promptly ratified the amendment. The naturalized foreigner now votes in this State upon easier terms than the colored native. This, of course, is the work of the Democratic party—a party steadily hostile to equal rights. But there is no party example so much to be avoided as the Democratic; and we hope that our Republican friends in Rhode Island will reflect upon the extraordinary position in which they place their Senator, whom they have not censured as well as the great mass of their party comrades in the country, by refusing a prompt acquiescence in the amendment which formally closes the great political controversy of this generation.

FROM GEORGIA.

WE learn from Georgia that our Southern brethren are much interested in the chances of a war with England. The tripartite treaty has been heard of in that part of the country, and a contest with England, France, and Spain is, as we are informed, regarded as "a big job." The proper commercial class, therefore, is not favorable to the CHANDLER policy. Another and a large class is, however, anxious for the fray. Those who compose this class are of opinion that a foreign war would relax the cruel hand of "the North" in its relentless crushing of all the rights of "the oppressed, peaceable, and law-abiding, yet chivalric and long-forbearing South." Still another class, small and heroic, "sticks to the flag" pure and simple.

Our correspondent speaks rather contemptuously of the colored citizens, remarking that "they know no more of a war than that it is one side shooting guns at the other side." He should touch the point of ignorance gently, however, for ignorance in our correspondent's region is not confined, we believe, to the colored race. It certainly is not in ours. We value his representations, which are made in excellent humor, because he is a man of experience. He served four years as a soldier—in a gray uniform—and is now wholly in favor of peace.

His letter serves to suggest once more that what this country needs is repose, that it may be healed. Every thing that distracts the public mind from tranquil industry, every bellicose speech and article, kindles hopes as false as foolish. The little events constantly reported from the Southern States are indications which should never be forgotten. If a series of elections should show the Democratic party to be strong again, we should hear once more the voice of "the South," as we heard it a year ago in Tammany Hall. We must not suppose, because WADE HAMPTON and TOOMBS and their friends are not making speeches, that there is a profound love of the Union and respect for loyal men in the region that such orators represent. We are not, indeed, to assume that they are plotting new rebellions; but we are to assume a state of feeling which any proper occasion would develop into hostility, and act accordingly.

EDMUND TROWBRIDGE DANA.

No one who knew Mr. DANA will be surprised to hear of his death, for he had been during many years a grievous sufferer with hopeless disease. His fine abilities, his careful and thorough training, his wit, his wisdom—whatever promises to make a man nobly eminent—were for all permanent outward results baffled by that relentless foe. But, conscious both of his powers and of his doom, he was always steadfast and serene. Firm, generous, and just—of an antique sense of honor, and of a truly chivalric because most humane temper—EDMUND DANA lived and died in a kind of heroic silence, and will be always tenderly recalled by his friends as one of the loftiest influences upon their lives and characters. Mr. DANA died at the house of his venerable father, RICHARD H. DANA, in Boston, on the 18th of May.

NOTES.

A FRIEND reminds us that Mr. HARDING, the English law counsel of whose "stomach-ache" at the time of the escape of the *Alabama* we spoke derisively the other day, was really seized with insanity, and died without recovering. The fact had escaped us, or we should certainly not have spoken of the illness in so light a tone.

GOVERNOR CURTIN, in his speech at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, wisely forbore to indulge in any remarks upon the general foreign policy of the country, and confined himself to some very natural reminiscences of the conduct of the war most gratifying to Pennsylvanians. The State sent more than three hundred thousand men to the war, and upon the soil of Pennsylvania the decisive battle of Gettysburg was fought. Governor CURTIN claims, also, that his State was foremost in humane care for the soldiers in the field, and he hopes that it will continue to care for them liberally hereafter. The Governor's speech was discreet, which is high praise in these days.

THE New York *World*, whose correspondent at West Point informs us that the chapel at that spot will be hallowed by the fact that its floor has been trodden by the feet of BEAUREGARD and LEE, among others, finds in the presence of General GRANT there only an occasion of sneering; and the paper publishes with relish the remarks of a Canadian journal of rebel sympathies that GRANT merely commanded the armies of the United States when "the South yielded to sheer weight of metal." The man who if he could not chastise his neighbor could at least make faces at his sister is the type of the friends and abettors of a rebellion who, now that it is unconditionally subdued, sneer at the General who did the work. If the country had only had that "great statesman," HORATIO SEYMOUR, in the White House, and that patriotic warrior, General BUELL, at head-quarters, what a glorious triumph we should have had!

A SUMMER SHOWER.

EVER since noon have the clouds, deathly white
  With the brooding heat, veiled the summer sky,
And the steady glare of the sun's fierce light
  From the reapers, reaping the bearded rye.

Now they pause in their work and look to the west,
  Where, far in the distance across the wide plain,
The mountain lifts skyward his dense wooded crest,
  And round it the dark clouds hang heavy with rain.

Abroad in the fields and the meadows close by
  The cattle are huddled in groups 'neath the trees,
Some pawing the ground, some, with heads lifted high
  And nostrils dilated, stand snuffing the breeze.

The dust from the highway is every where blown;
  The poplars' green leaves, as with terror, turn white;
And the air with straws from the gleaning is sown,
  Scattered this way and that by the wind in its flight.

The stream, that a moment ago was like glass,
  Is wrinkled now like a face full of pain;
And the feathery tops of the tall meadow grass
  Bend down with the weight of the fast-falling rain.

The reapers come running in haste through the rye,
  Up the lane, past the house, where I stand at the door;
Heavy loaded and dripping the teams hurry by;
  Then I mark the first flash and the thunder's dull roar.

And the clouds of a sudden seem riven in twain;
  The rain swells to torrents the mad, leaping rills;
The parched earth sends up from the hot steaming plain
  A thick vapor veil that envelops the hills.

All at once from a rent in the vast dome of gray
  A sunbeam shoots out like an arrow let fly,
Gilding farm-house and river and hill in its way,
  And spanning the east hangs the bow in the sky.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE assessed value of real and personal estate in the city of New York is estimated by Mayor Hall at $1,000,000,000. But every body knows that assessed values do not amount to one-third of the real valuation of property. If our Government owned New York city it would therefore have in hand a property really somewhat larger than the entire public debt.

Preparations are being made for a semi-centennial celebration by the Alumni of Amherst College.

The President has made inquiry into the reports of abuse of the Indians and natives of Alaska, and of a lack of discipline among a portion of the troops, and has decided to remove the commanding officer.

Advices from Arizona report that 300 Indians had attacked a train of Government stores *en route* for Camp Grant. They killed three men and wounded three others, and, having set the escort to flight, captured and destroyed the wagons and contents, valued at about $20,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Now that the British House of Lords is about to take up the Irish Church bill, immense Tory demonstrations are being made in various parts of the kingdom against its passage. At one of these in Manchester over 200,000 persons were present. At Liverpool 50,000 people were present.

In the Spanish Cortes, June 12, Navarre advocated the election of Duke Montpensier.

In Cuba a heavy engagement has occurred at Puerto Padre. The Spaniards admit a loss of 60 killed, and estimate that of the Cubans, killed and wounded, at 1200. The insurgent General Marmoe was killed.

The Austrian Consul at Leghorn was assassinated there on the night of May 24, while walking with the Austrian General Grenneville. The General was also wounded.

The principal shops in Paris are henceforth to be closed on Sundays.

The next Corps Legislatif of France will be composed as follows:

Government	213
Independent	42
Radical	35
Total	290

Serious riots occurred in connection with the elections both at Nantes and Paris.

The Bishop of Canterbury has counseled the Bishops in the British House of Lords not to oppose the Irish Church bill.

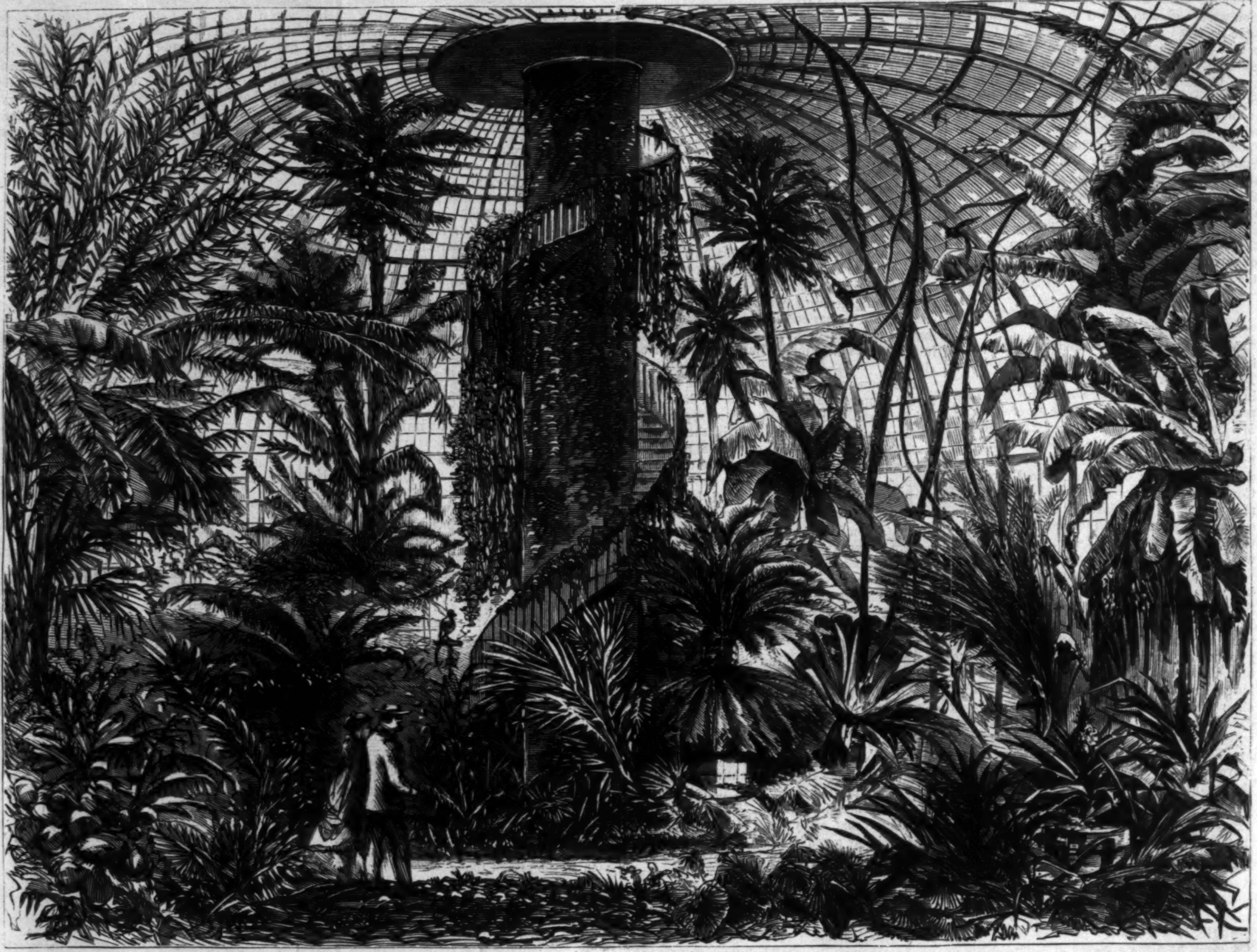
A telegram from Liverpool, June 9, states that 8000 emigrants had left that port for the United States during the preceding week.

General Caballero de Rodas left Madrid for Cuba June 10.

During the past year several disastrous explosions have occurred in British collieries. Another occurred on June 10, at Merthyr-Tydril, in Wales, while the men were at work. Few of the miners escaped, and it is reported that 76 were killed.

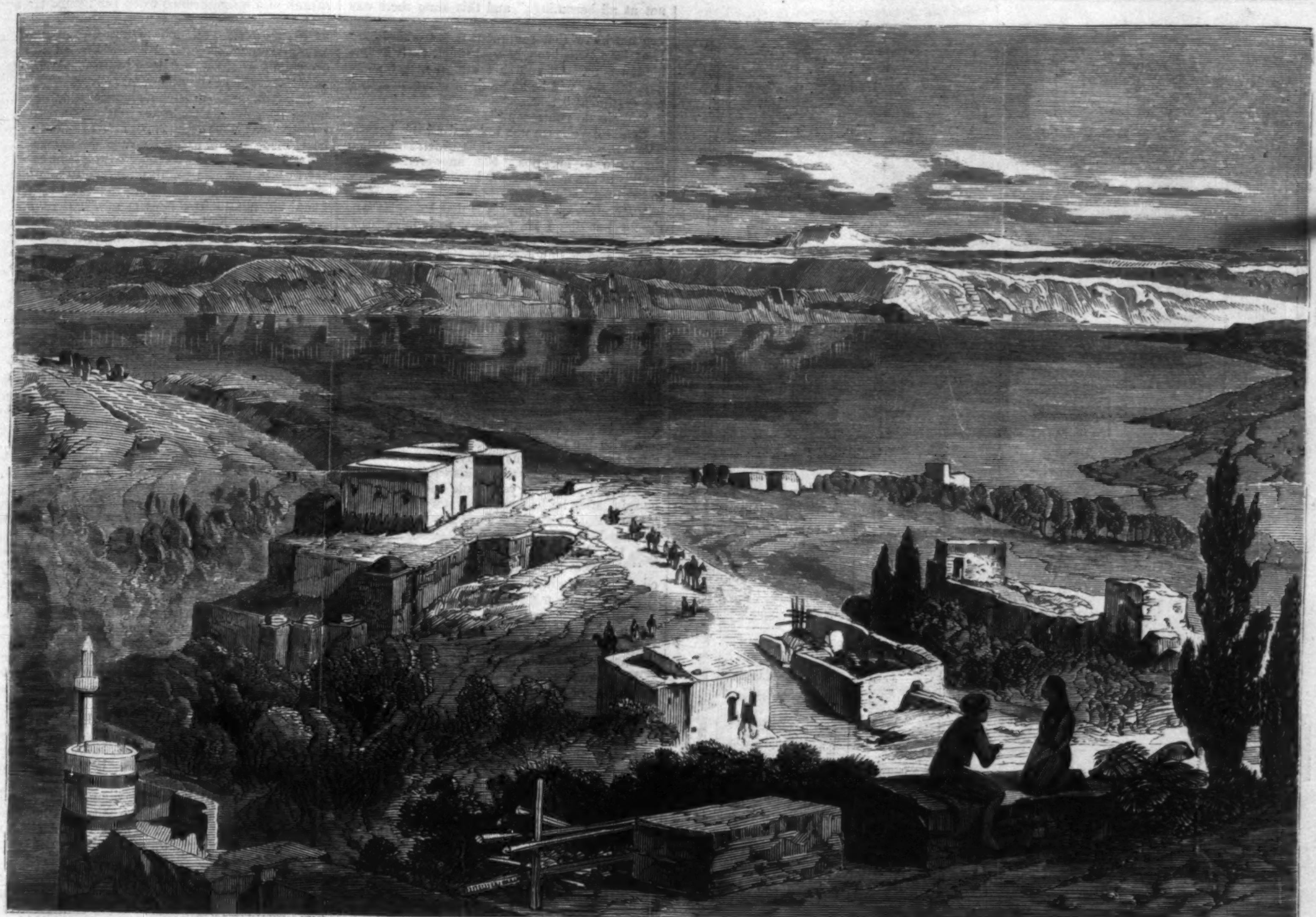
From July 28, 1866, to May 31, 1869, the receipts in gold of the Atlantic Telegraph Company have averaged about £600 per day.

At one of the May meetings in Exeter Hall, London, Lord Lawrence, late Governor-General of British India, said, "I have known the American missionaries in India for upward of thirty years, and I know that the influence which they possess in those parts of India with which they have been mainly occupied, has been of a remarkable character. I will give you one illustration of that. Fifteen years ago the American missionaries began to set up schools in the town of Lahore, and within a year or two they had gathered together a couple of hundred scholars. When I left the Punjaub, in 1859, the schools then contained five hundred scholars; when I returned to India as Governor-General, I found that the number had increased to 1500. It must be remembered, too, that not only are these missionaries in no way connected with the Government of India, but they belong to a country which is quite distinct and separate from England; and, nevertheless, so valuable were their labors, and so important were the results which attended them, that a large body of Englishmen in the Punjaub and the northern parts of India zealously and effectually supported the American Mission in that part of the country."

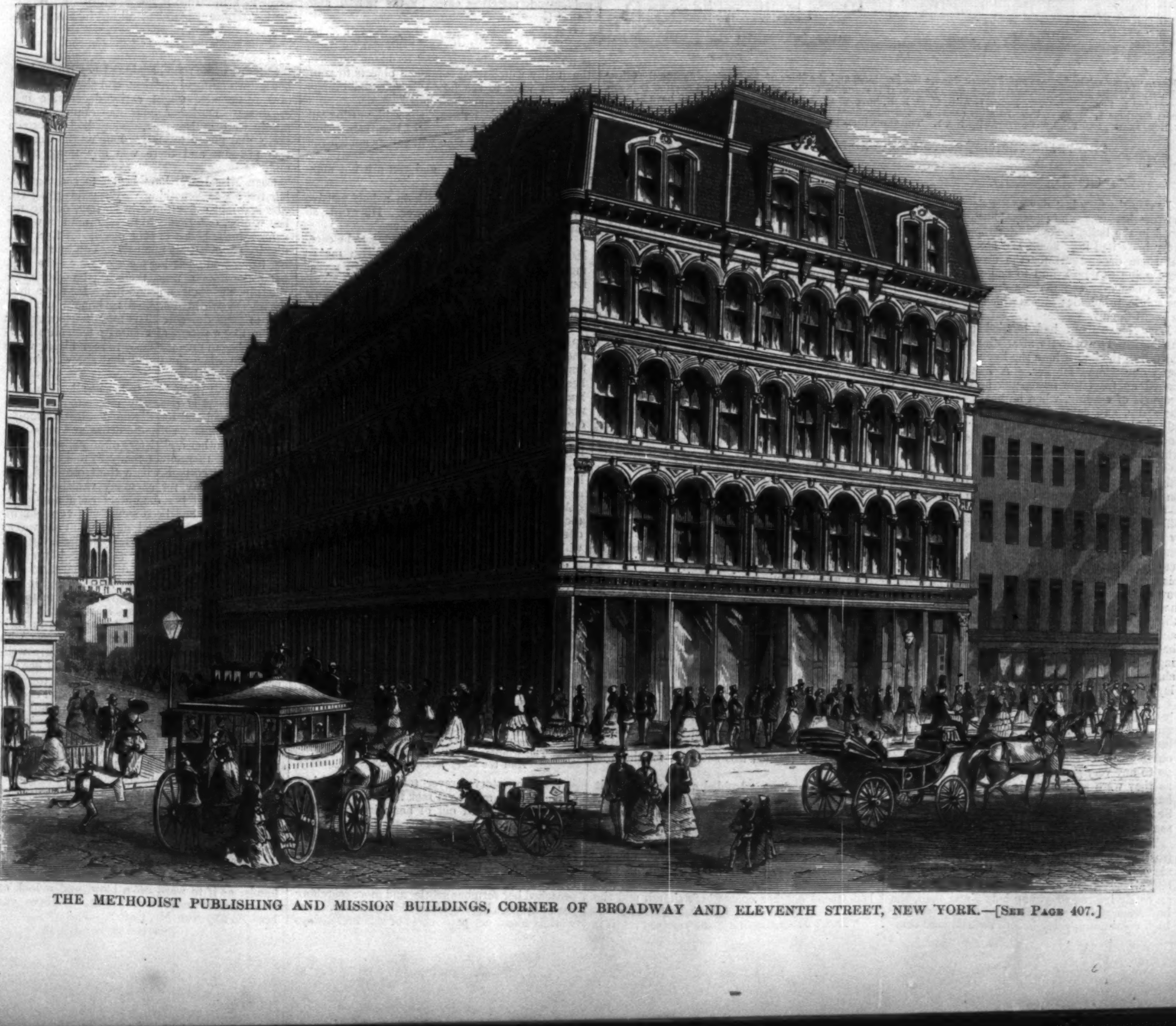


PALM-HOUSE IN THE BOTANIC GARDEN, FOOT OF CAPITOL HILL, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 407.]

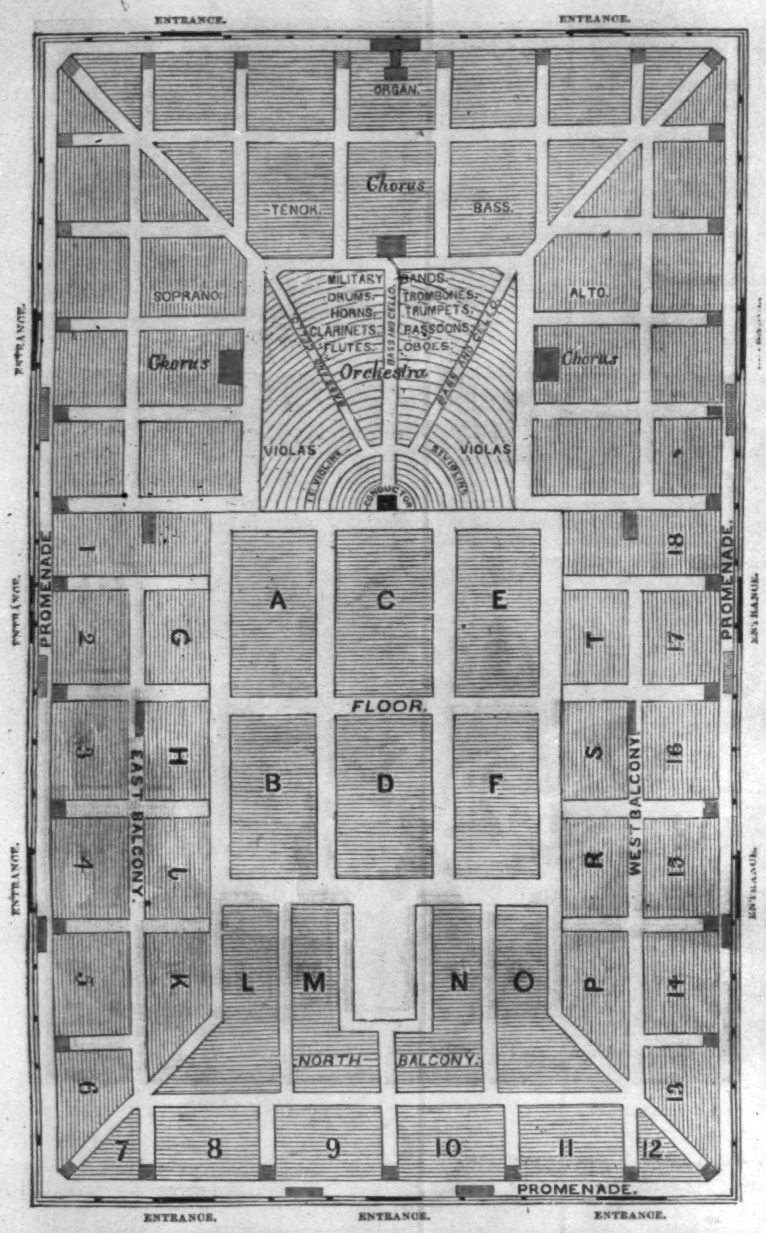
MOB IN FRONT OF THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL'S PALACE, HAVANA, CUBA, June 1, 1869.—[See Page 411.]



THE SEA OF GALILEE.—[See Page 407.]



THE METHODIST PUBLISHING AND MISSION BUILDINGS, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND ELEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK.—[See Page 407.]



Explanation.—The Letters and Figures denote the Sections, and the lines of the Sections denote the Slips. Admission Tickets specify Section and Slips. Section C is reserved for invited Guests; and Section D is appropriated to Season Tickets. Sections A, B, C, D, E, F, have 29 slips each; Sections 1 and 18 have 27 slips each; Sections L, M, N, O, have 33 slips each; all other Sections have 12 slips each. The top part of each Section, Letter, and Figure is toward slip No. 1. The short lines in the passage ways indicate stairways.

THE PEACE JUBILEE, BOSTON—GROUND-PLAN OF THE COLISEUM.

GOLDEN-ROD.

It was the very last day at Seaview. On the morrow there was to be a general flitting. Trunks stood in the halls, locked and strapped, though every body had kept some last box open, saved out some decorations for the evening. They were going to dance, and to make the affair as gay as one ever can make a *last* evening, with the subtle, prophetic sadness which always seems to haunt the air.

Lucy Haversham had hurried through her packing, and two hours after dinner she went down into the hall, where she knew well enough some one waited for her. A handsome man looked up from the newspaper he was making pretense of reading, when he heard her foot on the stairs, and came forward to meet her. A tall, noble-looking fellow, with a fair Saxon face and clear blue eyes. John Pembroke was a man whom all women liked. Miss Haversham had meant to be an exception, and had carried herself distantly when she first came to Seaview, but had ended by something a little more than a flirtation, a little less, perhaps, than a love-affair with him. She had a good deal of worldly wisdom. She knew that she needed money, and had no certain prospect of it. Her uncle had brought her up as liberally as if she had been his own daughter, but if he should die to-morrow she was not sure of money enough to keep her in gloves. He might have willed her something, or he might not. He had never told her, and she knew that to make a brilliant marriage had been the object and end of her social training—the one thing her Uncle and Aunt Haversham expected of her in return for all their outlays in her behalf.

It was a strange oversight on their part which had allowed her to come to Seaview, and be left there to her own devices. Mrs. Haversham had been in mourning for her sister, and, of course, out of society. She did not care to let her niece go to any very gay place without her; and, just as they were settling their plans, some friends had begged for Miss Haversham's company at Seaview, and her aunt and uncle had consented.

To be sure, they might have been justified in trusting something to the common-sense of their niece. Lucy was in her twenty-fourth year, and had already proved herself to be any thing but an easily impressed young lady; and then, she had been well instructed as to what the other high contracting party in any matrimonial compact she might form was expected to bring. Miss Haversham was accustomed to reason about it very coolly and clearly.

She had known from the first that Mr. Pembroke was poor; that he had nothing but his old name, his handsome face, and fascinating manner, and a certain amount of talent for drawing, which always made his illustrations in demand, and on the proceeds of which he lived. This knowledge made her very distant toward him at first, and she was utterly at a loss as to what had brought about the change, and established their more than friendly relations. She knew well enough that he meant to ask her before they parted for some pledge of constancy, and she had settled her own course in her mind. She did not ask herself how much she cared about him, or whether she was likely ever to care as much for any one else. She preferred to put those points out of sight, and consider only the manifest impossibility of nothing *plus* nothing being equal to the demands of fashionable life. In those days she had never thought of any other kind of life as possible. So she had a purpose this afternoon. She meant to make him see the matter as she did, and she meant to make him see it before he had subjected himself to the pain of hearing, or her to the pain of saying, "No."

She nodded gayly as she met him, and said a few merry words as they went down the steps together; but he was in no lively mood, and her gay sallies provoked no rejoinder.

"It is so good of you," he said, at last, "to give me one more walk, busy as I know you are to-day, among these dear old scenes. I believe every one of them is photographed on my heart and brain. I think I shall never forget one tree, or one of these old rocks, or just how the tide comes up among those crags, or the sunset that flushes sky and sea. There is only one thing makes a man's memory so clear—one thing which I have learned this summer, for the first time."

Lucy Haversham trembled a little. She felt a mutinous longing to hear what he had to say—to let him go on. Something told her that her whole life would hold no sweeter draught than he was offering her just now. She must have cared for him more than she had known, or these low words, this tender, pleading tone would not be so dangerously sweet. But she had traced out her course beforehand, and she would not be lured away from it by false lights.

"Don't be sentimental," she rejoined; "it is not at all becoming;" and this time there was something hollow in the gayety of her tone. "Do you not know that sentiment is out of fashion? I, at least, was brought up to look on it as forbidden fruit. Of course I am to marry some day, but that will be an affair of common-sense, not sentiment."

"What do you mean?"

Pembroke's voice was low and a little hoarse. There was an earnestness in it which compelled the truth to her lips. She answered him as frankly as she would have acknowledged the facts to her own soul.

"Merely what I say. Not that I despise sentiment, but that I am too poor to indulge in it. I have nothing of my own. When I marry, it will be a man rich enough to give me all that I have been accustomed to. I shall not be a happier woman, or make my chosen lord a better wife, for having talked sentiment with you under the trees at Seaview. Let us confine ourselves to nonsense."

He stopped right in the path where they were walking, and took both her hands in his.

"Look at me," he said, almost sternly.

She looked up at him; her dark cheeks crimson, her great brown eyes telling him what she meant he should never know, her lips tempting him with the ripe sweetness that some day another man's money was to buy.

"If it were not for this—this worldly wisdom, this cursed prudence, you would have loved me," he said, after he had read the story in her eyes. "Very well—I shall not envy the man who will be your husband. I would not exchange places with him."

"Your words are not choice ones," she retorted, with an indignant tone and glance, but, at the same time, a grieved quiver of lip and eyelash.

He released her hands, and bowed courteously. "If I forgot myself, pardon me, Miss Haversham. It will not happen again."

He commenced at once to talk about other subjects: of the foliage beginning to change; the autumn flowers adorning the paths; some illustrations he was making for a book of poems; the people they had met at Seaview: steering clear, very carefully, of all dangerous themes.

Somehow Miss Haversham had succeeded almost too well for her own pleasure. She wished he had not understood her so quickly, or not obeyed her so readily. She longed to hear him say once how well he loved her, though that was the very thing she had prevented him from saying. She was too proud a woman, however, to make any steps backward; besides, she understood perfectly that she had done the only wise thing. So she joined in his converse upon indifferent matters, and grew all the time more vexed to see how easy he seemed to find it.

On the way home he gathered a handful of golden-rod, selecting carefully the richest and fullest blossoms.

"Will you wear some of these to-night?" he asked her. "The flower should suit you, for there is no sentiment about it, and its name suggests the quality which must commend objects to your taste. I want to see how this splendid orange hue will look in your dark hair."

"Yes, I will wear them," she said, putting out her hand for the blossoms. "I like them—they are royal. I wonder who will gather golden-rod for me next year?"

"*I* will, if I am alive, and you are not married."

She had made the remark in a half pensive strain, not expecting any answer. His words, so earnestly spoken, half startled her.

"You will forget," she said, trying to be carelessly gay. "Nothing would surprise me so much as that a man should have a memory a year long."

"Perhaps, then, I shall have the pleasure of surprising you."

She laughed and shook her head, as she ran up the steps with the flowers in her hand; but, once in her own room, she felt no inclination to laugh. Something sadder than tears was in her heart. She felt as if in some strange way hope had been swept out of her life; as if she cared not what stars might shine on her in future, since one star would rise for her no more.

She roused herself at last to dress for the evening. She meant to look well this last night. She put on a thin black dress, through which her neck and arms gleamed, polished and perfect as marble. Then she twisted the long sprays of golden-rod in her heavy falling hair, and shaped the wreath like a coronet above her brow. The effect was striking. She looked like a princess with a crown of dusky gold.

John Pembroke's eyes kindled a little as he came to meet her. She was a surprise to him. Beautiful as he had always thought her, there was about her this evening a queenlier grace, a subtler charm. But he said nothing. It was not his way to pay compliments, except with his eyes; and he certainly, that night, did not pay them with his lips.

It was midnight when Lucy went up stairs, with some words that Mr. Pembroke had been singing ringing in her ears:

"My heart is heavy, my heart is old,
And that proves dross which I counted gold;
I watch no longer your curtain's fold—
The window is dark, and the night is cold,
And the story forever told."

Was the story forever told? Had she lost something she might yet seek for vainly and with tears? She looked out of her window toward the sea that lay tossing beneath the September moon. She had chosen her room for this same glimpse of that wide waste of waters. It meant Eternity to her, because it stretched away into a boundless mystery which seemed infinite. It had preached her sermons subtler and more searching than any preacher's voice would ever utter. Her worldly aims, her petty cares of this life, always shrank into insignificance when she looked from that window. Gazing out, now, it seemed to her as if this world were done with; and, standing on the shore of some other life, she could measure calmly what she had done in this. And she asked herself had she done well?

There might be greater and better men in the world than John Pembroke; but she had lived twenty-four years without ever finding one whose heart made answer to her heart as she knew that his might. She knew there were things she could say to him that she could never say to any one else. Apparently light fellow that he was, she knew his nature was honest, and fearless, and reverent—that he looked toward eternity with a straightforward, earnest-purposed, unshrinking gaze; and she saw what she had lost. From the unquiet, glistening sea a voice seemed to come, whispering, as he had sung, of a "story forever told"—her life's story, of which she had made a failure so soon.

The damp chill of the night was penetrating her veins, saturating her garments. She got up, shut her window, and, in shutting out white moon and tossing sea, seemed to have shut out with them part of her pain.

She got down to a late breakfast the next morning. Her train did not go until eleven.

"So Pembroke is gone?"

Some one said this as she was descending the stairs. Miss Haversham felt her heart stand still as she waited for the answer.

"Pembroke? Yes. He said he had business to see to which wouldn't let him wait. He was off at eight o'clock."

She was thankful that she had heard the news, and got over the spasm it caused when no investigating eyes were taking note of her. When she joined the group at the door she was able to hear the same tidings over again quite unmoved, and answer gayly, as her wont was, to all sallies about him.

She had not been back in town more than three weeks before she saw in the columns of a literary paper an announcement that the publishers of a certain poet, desiring to issue a volume with illustrations, had arranged with Pembroke for the designs, and he had gone abroad to confer on the subject with the author, and to study the poems at his leisure among the scenes where they were written.

She either did not feel any thing, or she would not let herself know that she felt it. She read the passage as she would have read a similar item of news about any other artist; and that was all.

Miss Haversham had a gay season that year: it kept her too busy and too tired to think much. Fortunately, in the set in which she moved Pembroke, the designer, was little known, and there was not much danger of her hearing his name mentioned. She had one trunk into which she never looked. Into it she had thrust hurriedly, the last day of September, all her tokens of Seaview—a carved box, among other things, that held the withered sprays of golden-rod, the fanciful crown, which had been his last gift to her.

Summer came round again. Lucy Haversham had grown strangely restless, and she understood how restlessness might easily degenerate into crossness. During August and September the family were at Newport. They had a cottage there, and meant to stay as long as the weather was pleasant and there was any thing going on.

Soon Miss Haversham began to see that for her there was something very special going on. She had met a few times in society, during the last winter, one Reginald Gore, a man in whose veins ran the bluest of blue blood. A fine, cool dignity pervaded his manners. You know without being told what his features were—the high head, the Roman nose, the dark, haughty eyes, the thin, passionless, proud lips. He was a man whom the world delighted to honor: wealthy, and of good descent. His attentions conferred honor, like a patent of nobility; and Miss Haversham began unconsciously to set a higher value on herself when she found that she was singled out as their recipient.

He did not make love to her at all. For love-making, as it is generally understood, he was quite too cool and too dignified. But he sought no other woman's side—he drove and rode with her; his mother and sisters often called on her, and showed themselves ready to make her welcome at the cottage where the Gores had held summer holiday for so many vanished years. Mrs. Gore and her daughters were not handsome. There had been something very charming in the mother's face long ago, but she was as lifeless and proper now as a lay figure hung with cachemires, and glittering at proper hours with diamonds. Miss Gore and Miss Margaret were like their brother—like him in pride and in dignity, as well as in the haughty Roman features.

They were not of Lucy Haversham's kind. She felt chilled when she sat with them in their very proper and elegant rooms, or drove with them, at sober pace, in their faultlessly well-appointed family carriage. To say that her uncle and aunt were gratified would be to put it very mildly indeed. They had social tact enough not to display any undue exhilaration; but their niece, if no one else, understood it perfectly.

"Has it occurred to you, my dear," said Mrs. Haversham, one day, attempting extreme dignity, "that Mr. Gore's attentions are very marked, and that you are likely soon to be obliged to answer to him the most important question of your life?"

"The importance of the question depends on my reply, aunt," Lucy answered, perversely. "A woman's rejected suitors are not of any especial consequence to her."

"Rejected!" Mrs. Haversham put up both hands, as if to ward off a blow, and a look of blank horror crossed her face. "Have you been *flirting* with Mr. Gore?"

"Hardly. I think the affair has been rather too cool and stately on both sides to be called a flirtation, aunt. Mr. Gore is not given to sentiment: and I don't think I am now."

"Mr. Gore's attentions are an honor—and you will do well to estimate them at their value, Lucy. How many such opportunities do you think are likely to offer themselves? You are not an heiress, and not a great beauty."

A glint like steel came into Lucy Haversham's eyes, but she controlled her temper perfectly. It seemed as if her uncle and aunt were growing tired of her. The tears filled her eyes, her face turned white.

"I will not disappoint you if I can help it, dear aunt," she said, in a low, tremulous voice; and then she went out of the room.

The 29th of September came round, and old memories were haunting her like ghosts. Just one year ago that day she had walked with John Pembroke at Seaview, and he had gathered the golden-rod for her hair. He had promised to gather it again for her this year, if she were unmarried still. Then she thought bitterly what wastes of waters rolled between them—what other tide, bitterer and yet more pathless, swept them apart.

That afternoon, when upon the beach with Mr. Gore, he asked her to be his wife. His manner never varied from its cool, calm dignity. His words were admiring and respectful, rather than fervent. If they had come yesterday she might have said yes; for in this offer the very things she had coveted, whose attainment she had once set before herself as the only things needful, were laid at her feet—all of them, and more. But, even while she listened to Mr. Gore's courtly words, her mind had been roaming with John Pembroke among the asters and golden-rod at Seaview; and for her life she could not bring herself to make him the promise he asked. But neither did she refuse it.

"Let me give you my answer to-morrow," was all she said. "It is a momentous question, not to be decided hastily."

And Mr. Gore, sure of his triumph in the end, admired her sense of dignity; and talked tranquilly about Ruskin and Turner as they went home through the crimson sunset.

When Miss Haversham opened the door of her room she saw a box upon her table strongly tied, and with express labels on it. Her heart gave a great bound. She wrenched at the cords and tore them off. When the cover was removed she saw a moss basket, nicely packed, filled with sprays of golden-rod; and, lying on it, a little note, which she opened and read. It contained but a few words. "I promised you golden-rod on the 29th of September, this year, if you were still unmarried. I came back from over the seas to keep my word, and show you that one man has 'a memory a year long.'"

She would have known the handwriting, even if she had not been remembering all day the promise which seemed so impossible of fulfillment. *Was* it possible, also, that the old story had *not* been "forever told"—that for her there was still "place for repentance?"

The next morning she gave Mr. Gore an answer that surprised him. There was a new and sweet humility in her manner, which almost charmed him into forgiving her, in spite of his anger.

"Perhaps you will despise me," she said, after telling him that she could not be his wife. "After having been so much together you may have had reason to expect a different answer; and I believe I should have given a different one had you asked me before yesterday. But I have been searching my own heart, and I have found that one old memory had power enough to keep me from being to you a loyal, loving wife, and you are too noble to be deceived into marrying any other."

Mr. Gore forbore entreaties or reproaches. He was too proud for the one, too truly a gentleman for the other. He did not refuse, either, to take the little hand put out to him so pleadingly. Lucy Haversham had done him good, though as yet he might know it not. He would have more faith in love, hereafter, more respect for all women, because this one had been true to herself.

Lucy went from her interview with him to one scarcely less trying with her aunt. In it she told the truth, and the whole truth. Mrs. Haversham found it as useless to blame as it was to remonstrate. The next day she took her niece away.

It seemed as if some fairy kept John Pembroke advised of Miss Haversham's movements. She had not been at home a week before, one evening, his card was brought up to her room. She happened to be dressed as he had seen her last, in black. She waited a moment to put the golden-rod, which careful tending had kept fresh, in her hair. Then she went down, looking again a radiant queen, whom the crown of dusky gold suited well. When the first greetings were over he touched the blossoms in her hair.

"Did you wear them to give me courage?" he asked, looking into her eyes.

"I wore them," she said, softly, "because I loved them—because I have found they are the only gold worth a heart-beat—that the things I used to think necessary were only pleasant, not vital."

"And you are ready to do without them, and trust to me to keep want and care away from the woman I love? Are you mine, *mine?*"

He was holding her close, and looking straight into her face, where the blushes burned. She gave him a smile, in which her soul was fused like a pearl.

"If you want me, yes."

"You shall never be sorry, while God gives me life to love you."

And she never has been.

PALM HOUSE BOTANIC GARDEN, WASHINGTON.

THERE are few places in Washington city more interesting to visitors than the Botanic Garden at the foot of Capitol Hill. We give on page 404 an illustration of Palm House, situated in this Garden, and designed as a conservatory for tropical plants.

The Botanic Garden lies between Pennsylvania and Maryland avenues, on the north and south, and First and Third streets West on the east and west, with the main entrance on First Street, opposite the middle gate of the Capitol grounds, and another entrance directly opposite on Third Street, the two entrances being connected by a main avenue, which is paved with broad flag-stones. On the south side of the main avenue is the green-house, consisting of a central circular building, sixty feet in diameter and fifty-five feet in height, east and west of which are two smaller octagonal buildings, each connected with the central building by a parallelogram, the whole having a length of three hundred feet. The eastern octagon and parallelogram are built of wood and glass, and have been occupied ten years. The central building, which is the one shown in our cut, and the western octagon and parallelogram have been recently completed; they are constructed of marble, iron, and glass, at a cost of $45,000.

Here, side by side, may be seen the true and bastard cinnamon, whose mixture in the cinnamon of commerce so often defrauds the consumer; and here the delicious vanilla attains a high state of perfection. Here are twenty species of palms, sixty species of orchids, and a large variety of the rarest ferns—a single plant of one species of which sold, at a recent sale in Baltimore, for ninety dollars. Here is the curious dove plant, which the imaginative and superstitious Spaniard has called the *Spiritu Sanctu*, or Holy Ghost plant. And here (imported from the Holy Land) is Christ's thorn, the same species from which came the thorns that crowned the Martyr of Calvary. Here is a cinchona-tree, which has already attained the height of eight feet; and it is hoped that experiments prompted by this establishment may result in making this valuable tree flourish in some of our Southern States.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

THE scene selected for our illustration on page 405 is from a painting by Mr. WILLIAM SELBIN, an English artist. It is a view of the Sea of Galilee (connected so closely with the Saviour's ministry), looking southwest from the highest point of the Castle of Safed, which, like the town, was crumbled almost to dust by an earthquake. In the extreme distance are the mountains of Ajlun, following the course of the Jordan on to the Dead Sea. At the farther point of the land, on the right-hand shore, is the town of Tiberias. On the point nearer the spectator, on the same side, is the village of Magdala. Still nearer, under the cliffs and consequently out of sight, is the place where Capernaum once stood, and part of the flat, on the margin of the sea, known by the name of Genesareth. Safed, in the fore-ground, is one of the holy places of the Jews, many of whom repair to it from all parts of the world to end their days; and a more forlorn, sickly, squalid—not to say dirty—set of melancholy ghosts it would be difficult to find.

METHODIST PUBLISHING AND MISSION BUILDINGS, NEW YORK.

ON page 405 we give a view of the new Methodist Publishing and Mission Buildings in this city, corner of Broadway and Eleventh Street. The lot occupied by these buildings has a front on Broadway of 76 feet 7 inches; on Eleventh Street, of 221 feet 9 inches; the rear, or west side, is 103 feet 3 inches. A massive building, five stories above the basement, with iron fronts, and of superior architectural design, covers the entire lot. The ceilings are lofty, so much so that the edifice is nearly an entire story higher than the surrounding five-story buildings. The extensive area of each floor is without interior walls, the ceilings being supported by numerous iron columns. This will render it convenient to erect partitions at pleasure. The basement room extends 19 feet under Broadway, and 14 feet and 11 inches under Eleventh Street. This contains an area of 20,114 square feet; the first two floors above 15,665 square feet each, and remaining three floors 10,959 square feet each, making a total area of 84,421 square feet—a space nearly equal to two acres. The basement floor covers nearly one half acre. The building is entirely new (now nearly completed), constructed in the most substantial manner, the iron-work having been put up by Messrs. J. B. and W. W. CORNELL. Good judges pronounce the front one of the finest and the most imposing on Broadway. The cost of the buildings is $900,000. The yearly rental value of the first-floor alone is estimated at $50,000. The Missionary Society bears one-fourth of the expense of the whole property.

HOW AUTHORS ARE PAID.

IN days now happily gone by an author had to write a fulsome dedication to his book, hoping to get a good present from his patron; but now authors write for the public, and the publishers take good care to cater to its taste. The sums publishers pay authors now for their works are wonderful—a striking contrast to those paid in former times. Scott, even after the failure of Ballantyne & Co., reduced their debts from £117,000 to £54,000, which latter sum was paid by his executors out of the moneys arising from his life insurance, copyright property, and other literary remains. With respect to living writers, we have only the authority of the newspapers for what follows; but even if they magnify in some cases the exaggeration is significant. It is stated that Lord (then Sir E. B.) Lytton received £100 for each week's installment of "A Strange Story;" and that Mr. Wilkie Collins received £5000 for a novel contributed to the *Cornhill.* Messrs. Blackwood & Sons are said to have paid Miss Evans £2500 for "Silas Marner;" £4000 for "The Mill on the Floss;" and £7000 for "Romola." The *Literary Budget* stated that in 1862 Mr. Coventry Patmore was paid £2000 by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for his "Victories of Love," contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine*—or about a guinea a line. Messrs. Strahan & Co., the publishers of *Good Words,* placed £5000 to the credit of Dr. Guthrie, for the purpose of his going to the Holy Land and there writing a Commentary on the Bible, to be published in penny numbers. The same publishers paid £1000 to Mr. Millais for twelve illustrations to "The Parables read in the Light of the Present Day," by Guthrie. Messrs. Lacroix & Co., of Brussels, stated that they paid Victor Hugo £16,000, or 400,000 francs, for "Les Misérables," but the author was for twenty years engaged on the work. According to the *Pall Mall Gazette,* the same publishers have just signed a contract with Victor Hugo to purchase, for the sum of £12,000, the right of publication for a limited term of an historical novel, in four volumes, entitled "Par Ordre du Roi" (By Order of the King), the scene of which is laid in England, at the close of the seventeenth century; together with a volume of poems, entitled "Fin de Satan," and a volume composed of three dramas not intended for representation, and entitled "Théâtre en Liberté."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

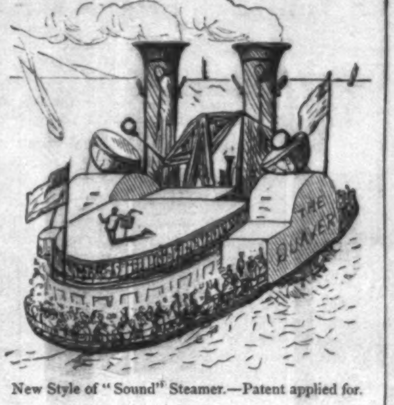
A FACT.—The Laws of Natural Philosophy are inviolable. You can't even pick up any thing at an auction unless it has been first knocked down!

What reason is there to suppose that frost has an intoxicating effect on flat fish?—Because in frosty weather we so often see soles and skates "screwed" together.

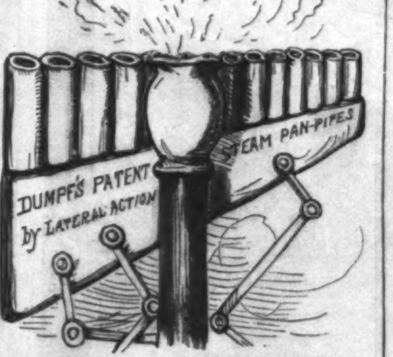
A wealthy merchant, who had become a bankrupt, was met, some time after his misfortune, by a friend, who asked him how he was getting on. "Pretty well," said he. "I am upon my legs again." "How! already?" "Yes; I have been obliged to part with my carriage and horses, and must now walk."

A witness being interrogated as to his knowledge of the defendant in the case, said he knew him intimately—"he had supped with him, sailed with him, and horsewhipped him."

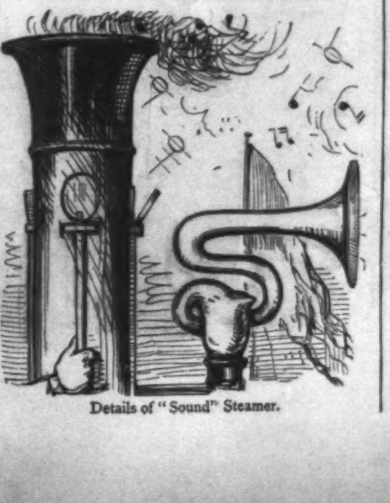
BOSTON MONSTER PEACE FESTIVAL.



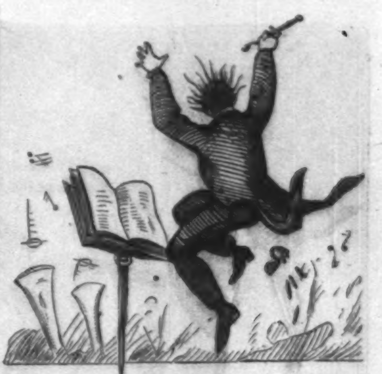
New Style of "Sound" Steamer.—Patent applied for.



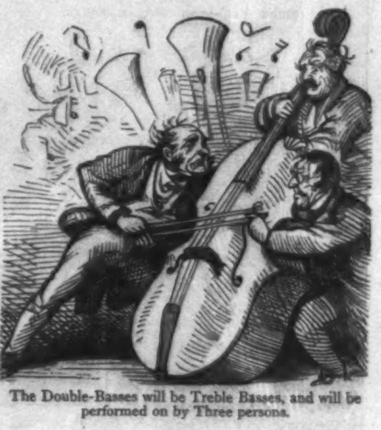
Pandean Pipes and Steam Whistle combined.



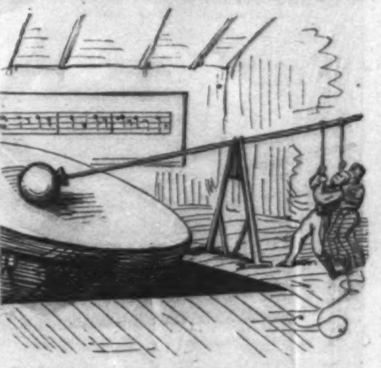
Details of "Sound" Steamer.



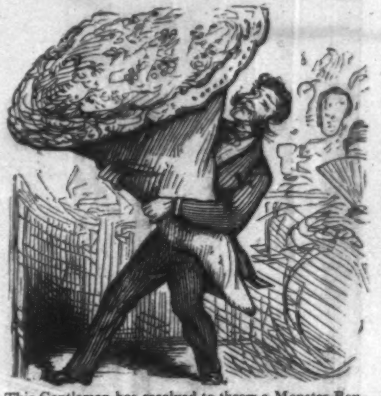
Enthusiastic Attitude of the Conductor.



The Double-Basses will be Treble Basses, and will be performed on by Three persons.



Portion of the Great Kettle-Drum, and the way it is to be Beaten.



This Gentleman has resolved to throw a Monster Bouquet to Madame Rosa. He is hesitating as to the proper Moment; meanwhile he Staggers under its Weight.

A WHEELOCIPEDE.

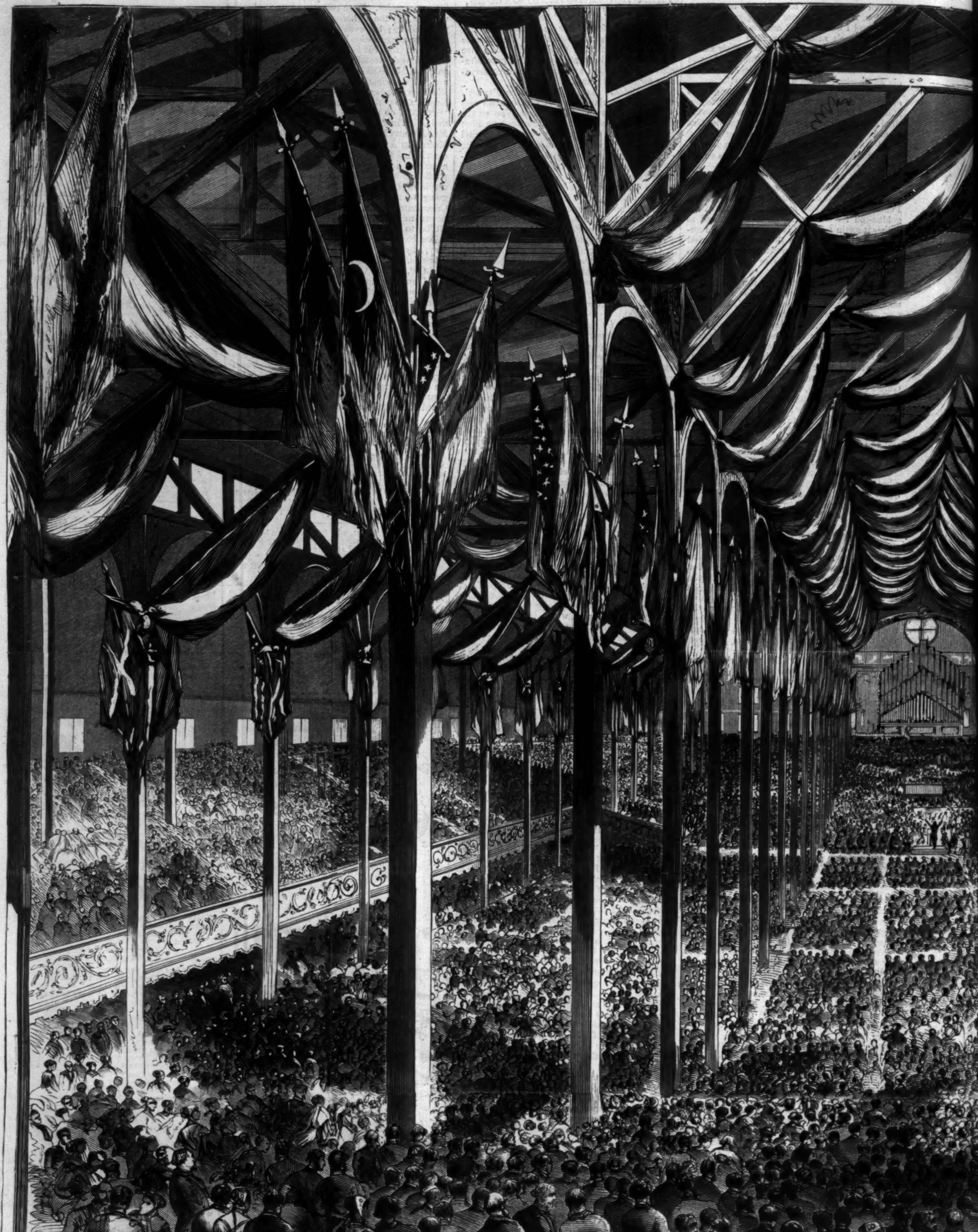
It has only one wheel,
Neither treadle nor saddle;
It is built in such shape
That you don't have to straddle.
The man who propels it
Takes hold with his hands
Of two parallel bars,
And on the ground stands;
Puts his feet in motion,
One after the other,
While the vehicle goes,
Without any bother.
This funny machine
Has no painting or gilding;
It is useful to carry
Material for building—
Shingles and shavings,
Brick, lime, and plaster—
And the lighter the load,
It can travel the faster.
It is better than a bycycle,
For it isn't so narrow;
And our wheelocipede
We will call a wheel-barrow!

Type-setters should be careful to dip their fingers into the right boxes. Out West an editor has been sued for libel, in having published that a certain Mr. Harrison was a well-known house-breaker. The defense of the editor is that he wrote horse-breaker, which the plaintiff is by occupation.

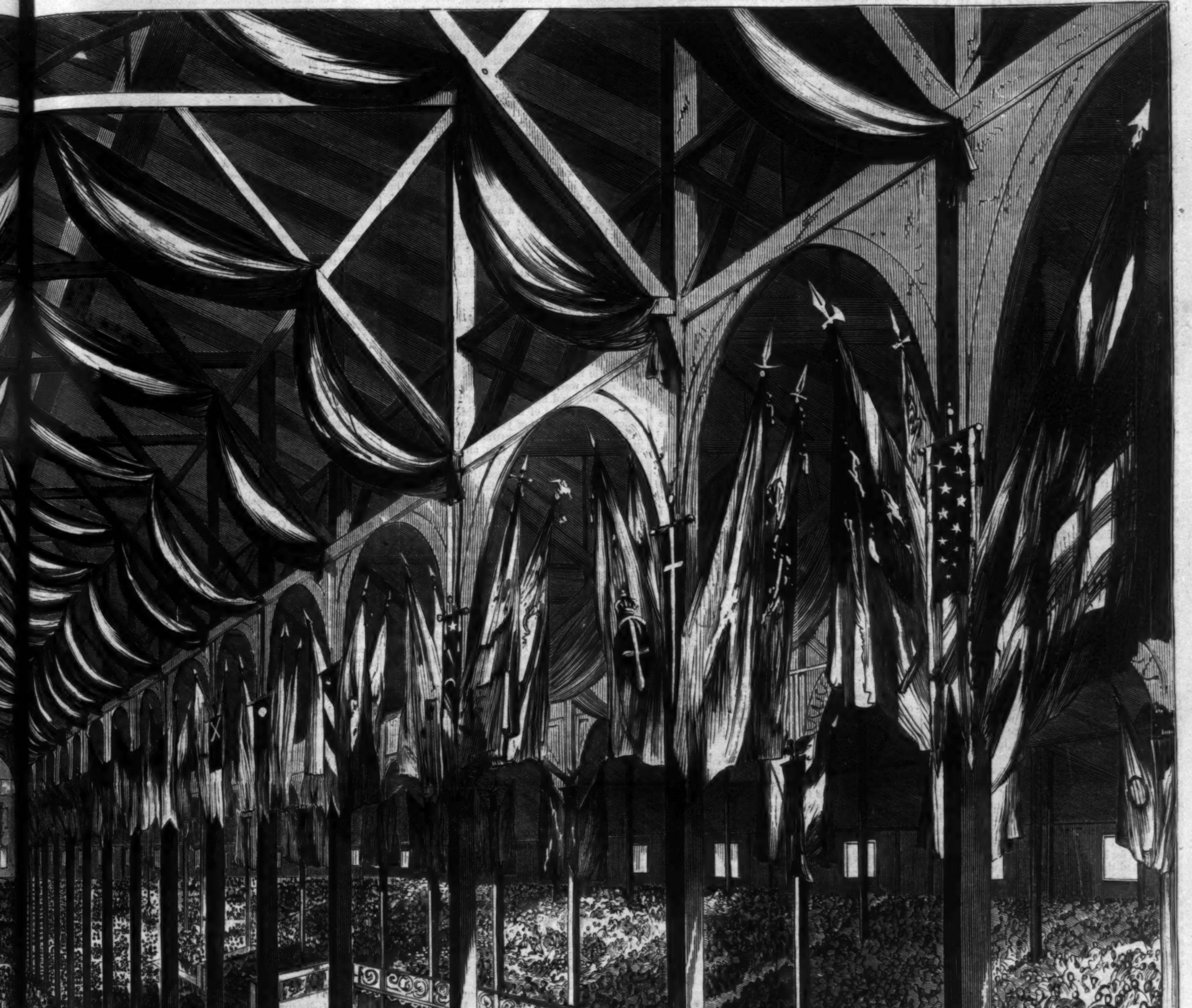
A gentleman of Rochester saw an advertisement that a cure for dyspepsia might be had by sending a postage-stamp to the advertiser. He sent his stamp and the answer was, "Dig in your garden, and let whisky alone."

If a leaden bullet hits a man, what striking metamorphosis takes place?—The leaden bullet becomes felt.

"Jim," said one youngster to another on the Fourth; "Jim, lend me two cents, will yer? I got up so early that I spent all my money before breakfast. I didn't think the day was going to be so long."



THE PEACE JUBILEE, BOSTON—INTERIOR OF THE GRAND COLISEUM.—PH



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN A. WHIPPLE, 297 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 411.]

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOMELESS AMIDST A THOUSAND HOMES.

WHEN Robert Douglas walked away from the vicinity of Curzon Street he turned his steps in the direction of the Park; he walked quickly, as one who is spurred on by a pursuing pain—a pain which threatens to shrivel the soul with its sharpness, should its victim pause to *think*. When he relaxed his rapid pace it was to cast himself down on one of the park seats; and then he shielded his sun-burnt face with his hand that none might note its utter forlornness.

"She looked me in the face and she did not know me. She heard me speak and my voice was unfamiliar as a stranger's," he whispered. "Fool that I was to subject myself to this last humiliation!"

Two young lovers nestled down on a seat near him, and were telling each other of their passion's infiniteness, when they were disturbed by a harsh laugh resounding near them. They drew themselves away with scared, angry eyes, and Robert Douglas was left alone to stare at the red leaves fluttering slowly through the warm September haze, and to wonder whether this great City held a more desolate wretch than himself.

He was beginning to feel faint from hunger; his journey to town and the subsequent night's lodging had exhausted his last few shillings, and he had been unable to afford himself a meal for the last two days; he turned out his pockets and smiled drearily as he found that nothing fell from them but a few dried crumbs, which hungry, impudent sparrows took immediate possession of. As it grew dusk the paths became deserted; the babble of children ceased in the walks; and nearly all were leaving the Park. One kindly loiterer touched Douglas on the arm.

"It is getting late for sleeping in the air," he suggested.

"I am not sleeping, thank you," Douglas said, courteously; and the other passed on, thinking, "What a nice voice that tramp had!" In reality Douglas felt the drowsiness of exhaustion creeping over him; and he did not care to exert himself to leave his present position. He was at least secure of a seat here, and the City's multifarious sparkling houses conveyed to him no sense of protection or comfort. "Who should know me there?" he thought. "What greater claim have I on any one's remembrance than on hers who broke up my life, and yet am I so dead in her memory that the sound of my voice does not even hint the past to her?" It was strange that in all the various shapes her face had taken before him in his wanderings he had never pictured this phase of perfect unconsciousness. He had seen it gentle and scornful, quivering with passion, and soft with love. He had seen it oftenest with all its bright beauty thwarted by treachery. He had remembered its dishonoring smile turned on another, and had cursed its guile, while his heart was sore with ruined love. He had forgiven it, and prayed that it might clear itself for heaven ere the bright flesh dropped to dust, and the poor sinning soul was called to hear its unchanging doom. He had once recalled it, fair and innocent, as it was when they first met as boy and girl. It was the recollection of her pure-seeming eyes—it was the sound of her childish voice, heard in a dream, that persuaded him to forgive her; but he never contemplated that the countenance he knew so well would cease to know him. He had not sought to meet her face again; it was by the merest accident that he had rested by those area railings, when she who had given him the sweetest delight of his life, and who had caused him intolerable suffering, passed by him with the careless regard of a stranger. He cursed the necessity that had brought him to England, and the chance that had brought her before him. His love was dead; but he was still vulnerable to mortification and outraged pride.

The ghost who escaped from the land of spirits to look once more on a dearly-loved face on earth, saw what caused it to veil its shadowy eyes, and to welcome that eternal punishment of torture which might insure eternal forgetfulness. Surely the spirit's suffering was incomplete, for it only witnessed inconstancy. A few years later and it might have presented itself in the flesh without being recognized by the fickle lover!

"What am I to do—where am I to go?" Douglas asked himself, as he looked blankly into the gathering darkness. "There isn't a tramp in London who isn't better off than I am to-night. I don't even know the sheltered corners in the arches."

For two days he had tasted nothing but an unsavory roll at Folkestone, and his brain reeled when he endeavored to walk away from his resting-place. He sank back wearily on the seat.

"It's no good; I must stay here till morning." He felt very faint and ill as he laid his head on the wooden bench.

"I wonder why *He* did not let me die, when all happiness died in me. Why was I saved in the wreck? and for what have I been reserved?" He lifted his large eyes wistfully to a misty galaxy of stars overhead, as if seeking there the answer to his question. Then he dropped to sleep in a shroud of mist, and with a rising wind shivering down the moist leaves on his face, and penetrating the thin worn cloak he had pulled tightly round him.

Lady Diana was smiling softly on her pillow at the reflection that bishops did not wear bonds any more gracefully than laymen, but were to the full as awkward and uncomfortable when confused by the tender trouble of love.

When Douglas next awoke the dawn was creeping up the east. The cold stillness of the night still held the town in check; it would be four or five hours before its gaudy babbling life poured down the long vistas of streets; before the shining quays would be thronged, the river shudder under the quick sails, or the pavement echo to the restless beat of innumerable footsteps.

Cramped and shivering, Douglas longed for the sun to grow warmer and the day to come in its completeness. There was a terrible pain gnawing his stomach, and he knew that unless he could quickly obtain the aid he had come to England to seek it would be too late for him to benefit by it. He had called the day before on the one man on whom he felt he had a claim, and had been told that "Captain Mowbray was out; was not expected home until late; would he call again to-morrow?" He consented to this, and had just left Thurstan Mowbray's lodgings (which were in convenient proximity to Curzon Street), when chance brought him before the object of his search. He knew Mowbray immediately, although it was five years since they had met; but Thurstan, with his heart drunk with the joy of his renewed hopes, had followed Lady Diana with his glance until she had disappeared within her doorway, and then he rode away with his eyes still full of her, never seeing the man who had once saved his life at the risk of his own.

"I must find him to-day, and get him to redeem an old promise," Douglas thought; then he remembered the look that had passed between Lady Diana and the young man, and smiled bitterly.

"The leopard can not change his spots, or the light woman her nature. I do not blame the boy, poor fool!"

As it grew later the Park became more frequented, and presently Douglas's attention was attracted by a bevy of rosy-faced children running down to the shores of the water.

"They have got food for the birds," he thought, with a gleam in his hungry eyes. "I wonder if those greedy ducks will swallow up every bit."

The ducks ceased swimming on their heads when they became aware of the patter of crumbs on the water, and recovering themselves with a jerk, gobbled down every morsel that swam on the surface.

Douglas looked so wistfully at the roll the little girl nearest to him held that she divined somewhat of the nature of his extremity.

"Would you like it, poor man?" she said, holding out a dimpled hand with the proffered treasure. With difficulty controlling the eager haste of his own hands, Douglas took it, crying, "God bless you, child!" and turned aside to conceal the rapacity of his manner of eating it. The child sidled away, scared by her own temerity. The man felt the tears come into his eyes from weakness and gratitude.

"Now I shall get on," he said, hopefully. The miserable craving of famine was relieved for the present, and all he had to do was to wait patiently until it was time for him to keep his appointment. But when that hour came, and he had walked slowly and with difficulty to Captain Mowbray's door, he met the discouraging answer: "Captain Mowbray has not yet returned; will be sure to be here to-night, as he has a dinner-party. Call again in the evening, or leave your business." Then he dragged his weary way back to the Park: he was somewhat feeble and wandering in his gait, and he dreaded lest his incertitude of movement should be mistaken for intoxication. "I once drank the best Sillery in London in that house," he thought, glancing at one of the West End palaces. "I wonder what fifteen years have done with my host—taken him off to unpleasant places, I should fear; for his sins were many and his gout perpetual."

He remained all day on the same bench he had occupied during the night. He looked on it as a kind of familiar home; he knew every uncomfortable notch in the tree it circled—every vagary of the twisted branches overhead.

When noon came it found him suffering all the old sick feeling of emptiness—all the terrible craving for food which haunted him even in his sleep. During all the years of adversity and hardship to which his own choice had exposed him he had never been reduced to such a strait as this.

"If I were in the Brazils I could shoot down a parrot and bake it over a wood fire. In no remote part of this great world should I be so helpless, so utterly reduced as in civilized Europe."

He ground his teeth with impotent distress.

"I try not to forget what I am," he moaned, as he picked up a chestnut that had rolled out of the pocket of some passer-by. "I try to remember that I am a man and a gentleman, but it is very hard to do so when hunger lowers one into a beast."

It was growing dark when he again took his way to Captain Mowbray's lodgings. He passed slowly through the streets, holding on by friendly palings where he could, for every now and then his step failed him. He kept near the side of the brilliantly lighted shops, that he might feign that it was absorption in their contents which caused him to linger near them. What mockery to him, and wretches like him, was this continual blaze of unattainable luxury! The warm scent of bread steaming from the bakers' shops, the tempting joints, the shining fish, the rich clothes, the sparkle of jewels—all the means of satisfying life's wants, of surrounding it with princely luxury, separated from the hungry and naked by a transparent veil of glass which, while it displayed all that could allure the wealthy, kept the needy in a continued hell of baffled temptation. Warm clothing that may never comfort the street-walker's shivering limbs; savory fumes of food that torture the pinched nostrils and hungering lips; the array of rare wines, of which one mouthful would suffice to give strength to the failing frame; the peeps of luxurious homes; the dinners smoking on the board, and surrounded by round, healthful faces; the rolling of carriages bearing those whose dainty feet need never grow sore with pacing pavements; the laughter, the jest, the sound of glad music floating through open windows—what a hideous panorama it must seem to those who are as desolate and famished in the crowded streets as ever Hagar was in the lonely glare of interminable sands!

Douglas passed without a glance shops where he had once expended costly sums in the purchase of artistic gems; but he lingered long near the baker's window, until the torture within him nearly made a felon of him. "I *can't* keep my hands off it if I look at it a moment longer," he said, as he detached himself with a desperate effort from the vicinity of a new loaf. Fortunately the street he sought was near at hand, but when he reached Captain Mowbray's door he could do no more than pull the bell, and the servant who answered the appeal found the visitor lying on his face at the threshold.

CHAPTER XV.

GOOD FORM.

WHATEVER faults Thurstan Mowbray possessed (and he had many) he was perfectly free from little meannesses. He did not know what false shame was. He never affected to be other than he was, and he had none of that disagreeable consciousness of manner which frequently afflicts a certain class of young Englishmen.

They imagine that constraint of manner indicates gentle breeding; that an affectation of haughtiness infers pride of race. They would deem their reputation ruined if they were seen carrying paper parcels in a fashionable locality, and would shudder at the notion of helping an old woman over a crossing. Lassitude is their strength, and eye-glasses are their most formidable weapons. Such as these miss the true secret of exclusiveness—the exclusiveness of a vigorous intellect, of the shy, beautiful thoughts which evolve round a cultured mind close as unblown petals round the rose-bud's calyx.

Captain Mowbray, when he heard of his friend fainting at his door, rose from his seat at table, where he was entertaining some guests, and rushed to help him. The pleasure and the pain of the greeting that followed, the restoring of the famished man, the process of his toilet, and all else that made a hitch in the dinner, need not detain us. Here at last is Captain Mowbray leading Robert Douglas into the dining-room and introducing him to his friends.

"James," he said, "bring some wine for Mr. Douglas. Clairveaux—De Smith—Mountjoy—Carden, this is Robert Douglas, a great friend of mine. Douglas, that is Lord Clairveaux; that handsome fellow there is Mountjoy; the fellow to the right is De Smith; and the other is Carden."

Thurstan's guests were too well-bred to exhibit any signs of wonder at the strange addition to their party; nor did they suffer the temporary interruption to check their conversation, but insensibly it took for a while a different tone; from familiar badinage they passed to subjects of more general interest. One was with them who was not of them, and poor De Smith, who, feeling that he might legitimately enjoy himself in such society as Clairveaux's and Carden's, had hitherto indulged himself with a relaxation of his habitual dignity of manner, was frozen again into stiffness by the apparition of the stranger, who, too evidently, was not "good form."

The effort, however, to discourse of politics and literature soon flagged. Mountjoy had heard the Premier's last *bon-mot*, and repeated it backward in such fashion that it lost its point. Carden sometimes read the political leaders in *Bell's Life*, and had studied women through the medium of the casinos and the pages of the *Saturday Review*. De Smith, who with all his folly of affectation was clever, knew something of Whyte-Melville's last novel. (The only novels for gentlemen, by Jove!) Clairveaux had seen the Grand Prix run this year, and had decided but irrelevant opinions to offer concerning the foreign policy of Napoleon III. But this mental store was soon exhausted, and involuntarily conversation glided back into its old familiar channel.

"Have you seen Beauville lately?" De Smith asked of Lord Clairveaux.

"No; what's wrong with him? Is he up a tree?"

"Yes."

"Is it Jews?" Lord Clairveaux cracked a walnut somewhat viciously, as if he imaged a crushed Hebrew between the silver pincers.

"Worse than that."

"The last settling day at Tattersall's perhaps?"

"Worse still. Fancy something more troublesome than a Jew, more expensive than a horse."

"You must mean a wife," Clairveaux broke in. "I hope she's pretty; if a man is going to immolate himself on the altar of conjugality, he might just as well be unselfish and consult his friends' taste as well as his own."

"I think all women are bores," Mountjoy observed, getting pathetic over his potations. "They never know how to follow that excellent advice which some fellow or other gave to another fellow—'to leave one alone.'"

In all her Majesty's brigade of butterflies there was no prettier man than Gerald Mountjoy. I use the word pretty advisedly; he had pretty curling hair, silky as an infant's, pretty little hands, lovely little feet, and a gentle little voice. A trainer once described him as having been foaled in Bond Street, trained in Rotten Row, and run at St. James's.

He was a suffering Adonis, afflicted by overmuch attention from the various queens of beauty, who still haunt the world clad in little more than the old original cestus.

"Mowbray doesn't agree with you," De Smith observed, glancing at the handsome face of his host. "Ask him if he feels bored by The Merton."

Douglas shot a quick glance from under his shaggy brows at the speaker. "I have been away so long from England," he said, in his low rich voice. "Will you enlighten me as to who The Merton is?"

De Smith slightly raised his eyebrows, and without looking at Douglas made answer—

"You should ask Mowbray."

"Is she beautiful still?" Douglas persisted.

"She isn't my style," Mountjoy said, lazily.

"No; because you're both too beautiful," mocked Clairveaux. "You never find two peacocks admiring each other's plumage."

"I think Lady Di is wonderfully well preserved," De Smith remarked, kindly. He himself was not a favorite of the lady's, and he took malicious satisfaction in irritating Mowbray, who had the reputation of being more successful.

"Lady Diana Merton," the latter said, hotly, "is the loveliest woman I have ever seen—pass the wine, Carden."

"Is she *sans reproche?*" Douglas asked of Clairveaux, who was sitting next him.

"You evidently *have* been a very long time away from London," the latter murmured, looking askance at Mowbray; "but tell me something of your own country. I am thinking of visiting America shortly."

"I see that my peculiar costume (for the incongruity of which I ought to have apologized before) has misled you," Douglas said, smiling. "I am an Englishman. I did not even get these clothes in America: I purchased them of a peddler at the Cape."

"The Cape?" Captain Mowbray cried, with a flash in his brown eyes. "I should like to tell you something that once happened to me there."

"You had better not," Douglas said, quietly.

"Then let us hear it by all means," said Clairveaux.

"I was in the 300th Foot before I became a Light, you know," Mowbray explained; "and I was at the Cape for a year waging war against irrepressible Kaffirs. One day I went out from Fort Beaufort to look for quail in company with Derwent of ours, one of the nicest boys in the service. In our eagerness to fill our bags we got further away from the fort than was altogether safe; but there were none of our black friends in sight, and we strayed farther and farther beyond the frontier in fool-hardy confidence. Toward noon we got so tired, and our eyes ached so much with staring after our game through the glare of an African noon, that we agreed we would sit down and rest on one of the least arid patches of grass we could find. We sat there a long time, till we fell asleep. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my foot, and woke up to see that it was pierced by one of the native weapons. 'Wake up,' I cried to Derwent, who was lying like a log a few paces off; 'I'm hurt by one of their d—d assagais.' Derwent made no answer. I shook him, and then—well, my friend could not speak to me any more, for one of those devilish spears was piercing him through his heart. I had hardly time to realize what had happened when a faint whir broke the full stillness of the air, and about half a dozen more assagais fell round me. I turned round at this, and pulled out my pistols; but I didn't think they would be of much use; for from the clear depths of distance came a swift moving line, black against the sky. As the brutes advanced nearer I could see their spears quivering in their hands, and I gave just one look in the direction of the fort to see if there was any chance of a reinforcement from that quarter."

"What a pity you couldn't hedge!" interposed Carden.

"I saw only one man, a sportsman apparently, like myself, for he was carrying game-bags; but he had the advantage over me of being mounted on one of those clever little bush horses. I shouted to him to make for the fort. I believed that two of us could make no stand against the Kaffirs, who were apparently fifteen in number, and I thought the other fellow might obtain reinforcements in time to rescue Derwent's and my body. He disregarded my signals, and galloped up to me immediately, pulling out a couple of revolvers as he drew near. 'Go back!' I said. 'What's the good of letting them have us both? ride to the fort for your life, and send some men to bring back what's left of us.' 'They'd have your lives before I got there,' he said, coolly. 'Is *he* of any good?' (pointing to Derwent). I shook my head. 'Then,' he suggested, 'let's divide his arms.' Quick as the word he plucked Derwent's pistols out of his belt. 'Go back,' I said, sullenly. 'You can do no good here.' All his answer was to ask for a pencil. 'Do you want to make a book on the event?' I asked, with a dismal attempt at a jest. 'If so, you had better back the dark horse.' He tore a slip of paper from his pocket-book, and fastened it to his pony's bridle; then he turned its head toward home, and gave it a cut over the quarter. 'Go home!' he cried, and off the pony galloped. A flight of assagais trembled through the air and fell in showers round the retreating pony; fortunately he escaped untouched. Well, well, well—I'll make a long story short. My unknown friend stood by me. We kept the beggars at bay for some time, and managed to thin them not a little. But it wouldn't do. We were outnumbered. I was badly wounded. I saw a confusion of black arms striking down upon me and my companion. I fell dead, and when I recovered my senses it was to find myself (very much to my own surprise) alive at Fort Beaufort, and to learn that a troop of our own people had reached us just in time to prevent the final blow being given to my friend's head."

"It was *grand!*" Lord Clairveaux broke in. "Who was the fellow? A gentleman, I'll be bound."

"Yes, he must have been a thorough-bred—it was good form—very!" chimed in Carden, draining off his wine.

"Who was he?" "Is he alive still?" "Where is he?" the others cried, infected by Lord Clairveaux's enthusiasm.

"I thank God," Captain Mowbray said—his handsome face bright with the memory of what he had just related—"that he does live, and that I see him here now—a bit older, perhaps, but still the same man who set himself between me and what seemed certain death. Look here!"

Thurstan caught hold of Douglas's wrist, and, before the latter had time to resist his intention, pushed up the cotton sleeve, and, pulling forward the arm, cried,

"There's the scar of the first wound you got, Douglas. I never saw the last inflicted, for I was insensible when those black devils closed on you. This is the man who saved my life, Clairveaux. I've told you the way he did it."

"Will you honor me by shaking hands with me?" Lord Clairveaux said, turning his glistening eyes on Douglas. "It is one of the pluckiest things I ever heard of."

"It is nothing to be proud of," Douglas answered, quietly, as he accepted the proffered courtesy. "I had no particular pleasure in my life, and was glad to risk it for the sake of a younger man who might have more than mere existence at stake."

"Say what you like, you won't get *me* to underrate what you did," said Mowbray. "Let us fill our glasses and drink Robert Douglas's health."

For a moment Captain Mowbray's guests forgot their reserve (even in little Mountjoy's breast the man got the better of the Guardsman), and cheered like noisy, fresh-hearted school-boys. No one wished to hold aloof now from the haggard man who sat there in his rough suit, so incongruous with them in appearance, so grandly superior in experience.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

Douglas was too fatigued to appreciate the rest he so much needed that night. All night long his slumbers were troubled; and he arose early, giving a sigh of relief as he opened his window and drew in breaths of fresh morning air. It was pleasant to see the gray still morning broadening into day, and to hear the active signs of life begin to echo down the streets. He was too restless to attempt to resume his slumbers; so he dressed, and went down into Captain Mowbray's sitting-room in search of a book to while away the hours until breakfast. It was the same room Thurstan and his friends had occupied after the dinner of the previous night. It hardly seemed a chamber likely to furnish interest or occupation for a studious man. The scent of cigars still lingered in the muslin curtains; the centre-table was stained with fruit and covered with empty tumblers; errant grapes had fallen on to the rugs, and there been immolated under men's heels; uncorked soda-water bottles rolled listlessly on the marble chiffoniers, and cigarette ashes had burned white patches in the rose-colored carpet. On the sofa, lying on a crumpled heap of sporting papers, was a bull-terrier, who kept one eye fixed on Douglas's movements with a wary scrutiny suggestive of sheriffs' officers. Dumb-bells and moogdars, single-sticks and bulbous-looking boxing-gloves, occupied the corners of the room; photographs of favorite burlesque dancers were heaped in the card-dish, the confusion of legs somewhat resembling Doré's curious illustrations to Dante, where the soles of sinners protrude from the infernal lake. Queens of song smiled on the walls in juxtaposition with monarchs of the turf. Patti looked blandly at Melbourne, and Melbourne sniffed meditatively at his cat; a mahogany-colored portrait of Stockwell hung over the mantle-piece, and the crook of a hunting-whip clung for support to the delicately rounded arm of the Parian Venus which stood on the shelf underneath the book-shelves. Douglas could find nothing but little green pyramids of *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*, heaped over the more solid shapes of *Sponge's Sporting Tour*, *Handley Cross*, *Manual of Cavalry Drill*, *The Mysteries of Paris*, and an odd volume of *The Crescent and the Cross*.

Douglas turned from these to look at a highly-finished colored photograph which stood in an open case on an adjacent table. It was a portrait of Captain Mowbray, and had been done for Lady Diana Merton by that lady's especial desire. The pride which some savage tribes feel in collecting their enemies' scalps Lady Diana experienced in the accumulation of the similitudes of those who had fallen victims to her charms. Douglas, all unconscious of the portrait's destination, looked at it with interest. In his fatigue of body and mind on the previous evening he had scarcely observed how much his host had altered since that hot day of peril at the Cape. He saw in this well-executed likeness how handsome Captain Mowbray had become in the years which had deepened the furrows on his own brow. Large, deep-colored brown eyes, crisp, short swarthy curls, rippling closely over a square, somewhat low forehead, a nose aquiline but delicate in outline, lips somewhat full, overshadowed by a gold-brown mustache, a chin and throat round and firm as that of the Antinous—a figure in which power showed itself in graceful rather than in unwieldy outline; such was Thurstan Mowbray at the age of twenty-four.

"It is a fine thing to be young," Douglas thought, as he looked at the face which had youth's roundness in the chin and brow, youth's bloom in the shining eyes and dewy red lips. "The boy has grown older in beauty since I saw him fronting those black fellows with such determination on his boyish face, while years with me have deepened every uncouth trace of time and care.—Good-morning, Mowbray. I was admiring your portrait: how excellent it is!"—for Captain Mowbray had just entered the room, and looked rather consciously at the photograph as he returned his friend's greeting.

"Yes; it is done by the particular wish of—a friend of mine," Thurstan said. "Will you come to breakfast, Douglas? after which we will come back here and have a smoke; there are no end of things I want to talk to you about."

"In the first place," Thurstan began, when the two returned to the sitting-room, "let us make ourselves comfortable." In pursuance of which object he placed himself in an easy-chair, and his legs on the mantle-piece, put a cigar between his lips, and called to the terrier "to come and be cosseted."

Douglas sat by the open window, looking at his companion with that thoughtful, intent gaze which had for years past been his habitual expression.

"You said last night," Thurstan pursued, when the terrier had curled itself round in a ball on his knees, and the cigar was lighted to his satisfaction, "that you were going to give me a chance of being of use to you; and I wish you to understand that there is nothing in the world I won't do for you if I have the power. So now go ahead."

"What I require is simple enough," the other answered. "I shall not tax your kindness very heavily, although I know I might do so with impunity. Is not your father a country gentleman?"

"He was," Thurstan admitted, "until the force of impecuniosity compelled him to go and live abroad."

"Do you often see him?"

"In summer they don't give you much leave, because of the Commander-in-Chief's annual breaking out in field-days; and in the winter I can't make up my mind to desert my native foxes; but when the season is late and the fences blind, I generally contrive to get to Italy for a few days."

"It is through your father that I must chiefly hope to attain my object," Douglas said. "I wish to live in some place in the country where my manner of life will be as simple and retired as possible. I expect in a few days to receive a little money from an agent abroad: it will not be more than enough to clothe me decently and to start me in a home of the humblest description, consequently I must adopt some means of supplying my wants in future. I want to take in a few pupils."

"Won't you let me—" Thurstan began, eagerly, his face flushing a little.

"No," broke in the other, divining the meaning of the blush and hesitation. "My dear boy, you must remember that I am a Scotchman; and, as my old countrywoman said, 'If we are puir we're verra grand.' It would be impossible for a Mer—for a Douglas, I mean, to live on his friends: you must help me my own way, or not at all."

"As you will," Thurstan said, rather vexed; "but C—— will always let me have an advance."

"At sixty per cent., you mean? I didn't save you from Kaffirs to get you clawed by harpies. What I wish is, that you should get your father to exert what influence he may yet retain near Auriel to procure me a few pupils—public-school boys, whom I might prepare for the university."

Thurstan stared wonderingly at the speaker. "You a coach!" he muttered; "you don't look like it. And you won't let me help you in any other way?"

"I'm sorry if my appearance is against me," Douglas said, smiling with that sweet, rare smile of his which lit up his face with an evanescent charm which was almost beauty: "you can help me in no other way."

"Would you not like to live in some more civilized place than Auriel?" suggested Captain Mowbray. "Would you not prefer some appointment in town?"

"No," Douglas answered, emphatically; "I should not. I have tried both modes of life. I have lived surrounded by the culture of civilization, and I have bivouacked where the gibberish of wild animals was the only sound that broke the silence of the primeval solitudes; but I have never found a tiger-cat so cruel as a woman, nor any colony of malicious apes so spiteful as men. Since I have been in England I have felt more desolate than I have done for years. When I was abroad I used to dream of faces that looked brightly at me; of voices that welcomed me back home. I never realized how completely I was dissevered from all the old social ties until I returned to a world where I am as one dead. If I lived in London I should die of its solitude. Never ask me to come back to London. Peace is what I seek; and I shall find it best in some quiet country house, where I can devote the rest of my life to literary pursuits. I shall hope to increase my income by my writings. I should have lived abroad a few years longer to finish my work on Brazilian forests, but I found my money and health failing me, so I brought my notes home with me; and these, and similar memoranda on other subjects, will assist me in completing my manuscripts. Depend upon it, Mowbray, this is the only sort of life I shall find tolerable to me."

"If you must you must," Captain Mowbray said; "but I should think you would find it awfully slow. I will write to my father to-day, and at the same time to the clergyman of the parish: he was an old school-fellow of my father's, and has boys of his own."

"Understand that I do not require society," interrupted Douglas. "Indeed, I shall only see my pupils in study hours. But you must stand sponsor for my character, and for my proficiency in classics, et cetera."

"I will do that with pleasure," Thurstan answered, readily; "but I wouldn't advise you to produce me as a show pupil. Do you remember how, at the Cape, I used to write spooney notes to the brigadier's daughter, and came to you to know if I was to spell eternal with one 'l?' I have forgotten little Rosie, but I haven't forgotten how to spell eternal. That reminds me, Douglas, I want to ask your advice."

"About spelling?"

"Oh no; I always carry a pocket-dictionary about with me now; but it is about a letter. Just look here."

Captain Mowbray drew a small, delicately-tinted photograph from his breast pocket as he spoke and handed it to his friend.

"Well!" he said, impatiently, after a few moments' silence, "what do you think of it?" He looked at Douglas's face, anxious to read there the sympathetic admiration he sought; but the latter was covering his eyes with one hand to shield himself from the glare of the sun.

"She is very pretty."

"She is more than pretty," Thurstan answered, with enthusiasm. "She is the loveliest creature I ever saw."

"Who is she?"

"She is the lady those fellows were speaking of last night, Lady Diana Merton. She is a widow, you know."

"No, I did not know," Douglas said, quietly. "Who was her husband?"

"Oh! he was drowned years ago, and a good thing too. I do not think she was very happy with him."

"Was it his fault?" Douglas asked, with a touch of bitterness in his voice.

"She says so. He was a hard-headed Scotchman, grave and saturnine, older than herself, and unwilling to make allowances for the freaks of a pretty, spoiled child. Besides, he was very learned, and she says she hates book-worms."

"So she has come to you for contrast," Douglas suggested, a little maliciously.

"I think, you know," Thurstan hesitated, now puffing vigorously at his cigar, "that—aw—she really likes me, you know, better than she ever did any other fellow."

"Then I am to congratulate you?"

An indescribable expression passed over Douglas's face as he spoke, which Thurstan, occupied by his cigar and his embarrassment, did not notice.

"Well—no, not exactly," the latter said, ruefully. "The fact is, whenever I press for some decided answer—when I tell her that I wish to make my life hers, and that—"

"Excuse the interruption: but what are your prospects?"

"They lie in a nutshell," Thurstan admitted. "The Queen's pay and an allowance of three hundred pounds per annum. I can't offer her my commission—that's mortgaged."

"And how much do you suppose you owe?"

"Somewhere about fifteen thousand pounds."

"Is Lady Diana aware of your circumstances?" Douglas asked, fixing his keen eyes on the younger man's face.

"Yes; but that makes no difference. She is not mercenary."

"Have you ever given her any presents?" Douglas said, carelessly.

"Only a bracelet or two set with brilliants, and a locket containing my hair. The locket was the most valuable, and it only cost a hundred and fifty pounds. She said she would never part with it."

"I dare be sworn she won't," Robert Douglas remarked, with a grim smile. "And are you quite sure that the lady is sincere with you?"

"No man but yourself should put such a question," Thurstan said, with a hot gleam of anger in his brown eyes.

"I beg your pardon," Douglas answered, meekly. "I am certain that there is no woman like her."

"She has one fault," Thurstan admitted, mollified by his friend's apology. "She won't let me speak out. When I'm with her she nearly drives me mad. I want to tell her what I feel. The words keep bubbling up from my heart to my lips, and then, just as I summon up courage to hear the sound of my own voice, she gives me her pretty hand to hold, or sends me wild by bringing her pink lips and sweet eyes close to my face, saying, with an innocent air of meditation, 'Of what are you thinking?' And then—Halloa! Douglas, what are you about?"

For Mr. Douglas had accidentally upset the small table on which he leaned, and with it a large bottle of ink, which sent quicksilver-like pools of swart fluid floating under the bull-terrier's feet, causing him to lift up his milk-white toes with a look of intense disgust.

"I beg your pardon. I suppose I moved too suddenly. What sort of advice is it you require of me?"

"The best you can give."

"My advice is, then, that you should insist on having some definite answer."

"I am sure not to be able to get it out when it comes to the point. I had better write it," Captain Mowbray said, thoughtfully. "She is going down to her Brighton house to-morrow. I will write first, and then follow my letter down; but I shall say nothing of this to-day. I am now going to call on her. My horse is at the door. Will you excuse me a little while, Douglas?"

"Certainly."

"Then good-by until dinner-time."

"Good-by."

Captain Mowbray turned round when he got to the door.

"You don't know how beautiful she is, Douglas," he said, enthusiastically, "nor how good."

"No, I do not," Douglas replied, dryly, and the door closed on the departing lover.

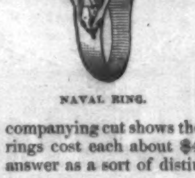
THE REVOLUTION IN HAVANA.

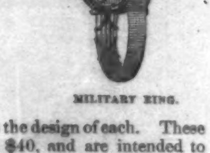
The Cuban revolution reached an important crisis when Captain-General Dulce was compelled by the Spanish Volunteers to relinquish his command. The Volunteers had been for a long time dissatisfied with the Administration. Under the pressure of this influence Dulce tendered his resignation through a telegram to Madrid, stating, at the same time, that his action was compelled by force. The Spanish Provisional Government at once appointed Caballero de Rodas; and it was supposed that Dulce would remain until the arrival of his successor. But he did not remain. Just after his resignation he ordered Don Gonzalo Castanon, editor of *La Voz de Cuba*, to leave the island. This displeased the Volunteers, who immediately took measures to secure the revocation of the order. Their demands were granted. Just at this time General Pelaez arrived from the field of operations in the interior. This officer was accused of making money out of the troubles of his country, and he took refuge on board the iron-clad *Victoria*.

The Volunteers were determined to have the head of Pelaez. They gathered in the plaza, and Dulce was obliged to send for the cavalry, the guardia civil, and a guard of marines for his personal safety. But the Volunteers held their ground, forced the resignation of Dulce, removed the governors of Cardenas and Colon, and at the present time, through their Committee, rule the Spanish portion of the island. Don F. G. Espinar took the place of Dulce upon the resignation of the latter. Pelaez, however, escaped. Our illustration on page 404 represents the mob of Volunteers gathered in front of the Captain-General's palace on the evening of June 1. They demanded that Dulce should deliver Pelaez or resign his command. The first condition he would not submit to, and he protested against the second, but in vain. He was forced to abandon the island. What the result of this *émeute* in Havana may be, as affecting the suppression of the Cuban insurrection, it is impossible now to say.

CLASS RINGS.

This year the graduating classes both of the Annapolis Naval Academy and of the Military Academy at West Point have procured class-rings. The ring designed for the West Point class of 1869 was made by Tiffany & Co., of this city; that for the Annapolis class was made by Ball & Black, also of this city. The accompanying cut shows the design of each. These rings cost each about $40, and are intended to answer as a sort of distinctive class badge.


NAVAL RING.

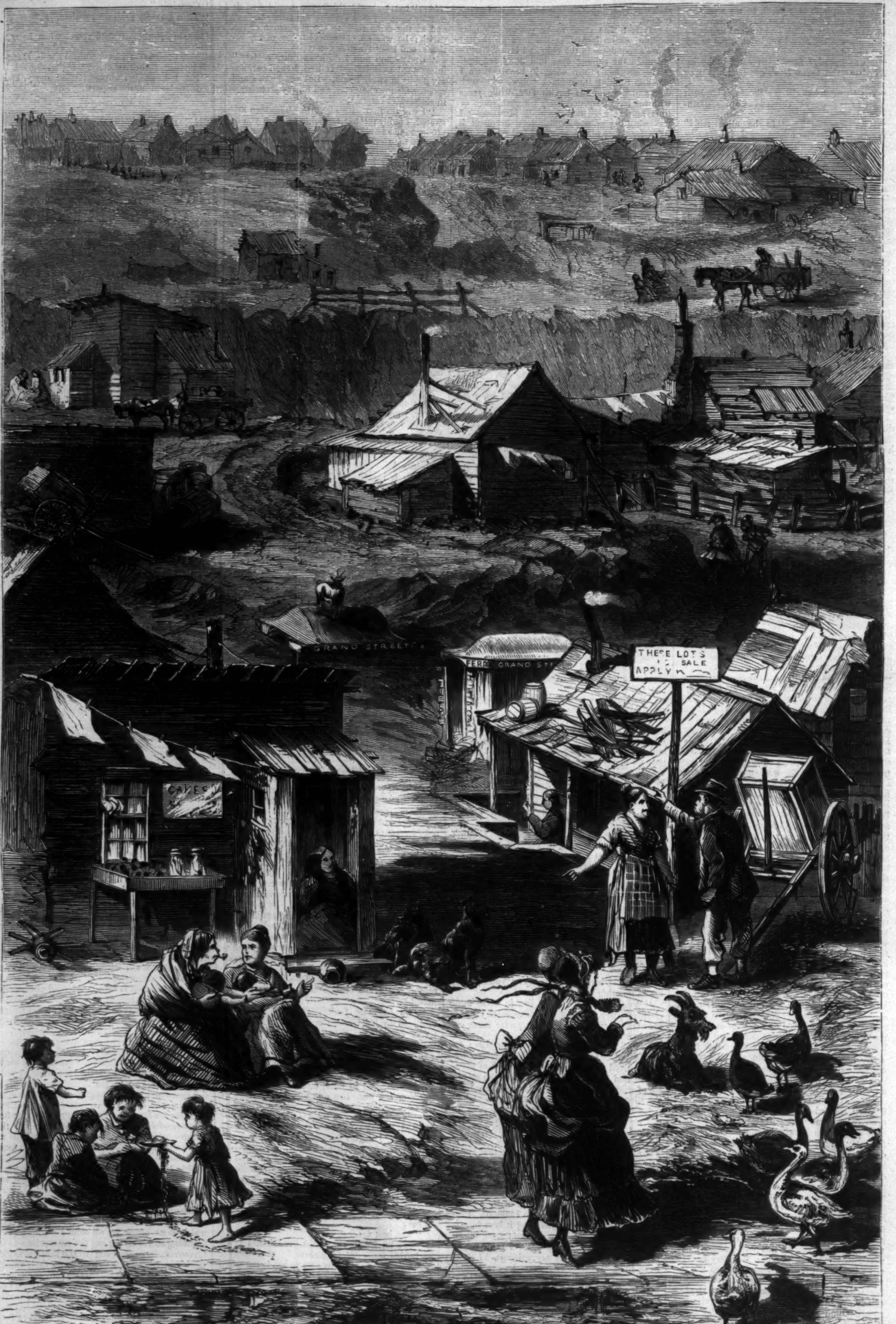

MILITARY RING.

PEACE JUBILEE, BOSTON.

We give this week a double-page view representing the interior of the grand Coliseum, used for the Peace Jubilee in Boston. This building will hold 50,000 people, which is nearly twice the capacity of the largest amphitheatres in ancient Rome and Athens.

Our illustration is from a splendid photograph by John A. Whipple, of Boston. This artist, who has for twenty years had a national reputation for the excellence of his photographic portraits, has here shown, in a view scarcely ever equaled and never surpassed, the possibilities of his art for the perfect representation of the vast interiors of public buildings. Among the many attractions of Boston for the thousands of visitors during this jubilee week, there are few which will prove of greater interest than Mr. Whipple's immense and commodious establishment at 297 Washington Street. Mr. Whipple was the first to successfully introduce photography into this country, and the surprising progress of this art is in no small measure owing to his patient study and labor.

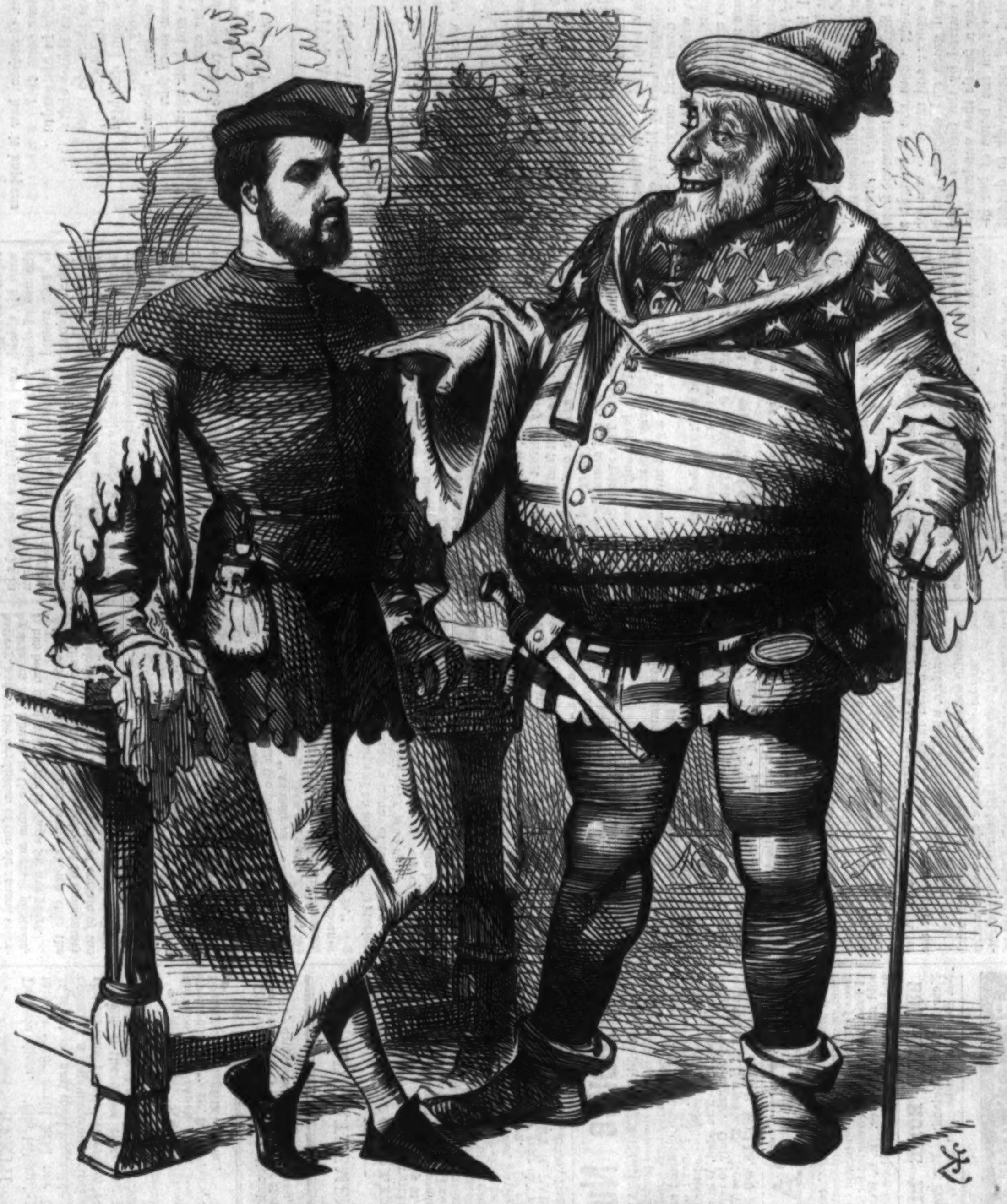
This Peace Jubilee in Boston is an important national event. It is not only the grandest musical exhibition ever given in the world's history; it is the commemoration of the return of peace to the entire country after years of intestine conflict and civil commotion. It is an occasion which does honor to all who have engaged in planning and carrying out the enterprise—to Mr. Gilmore, its originator; to the musical associations who have voluntarily offered their valuable assistance to secure its success; to the committees in charge, who have made the fullest possible arrangements for the comfort and entertainment of visitors; and to the municipal authorities of Boston, who have done so much to insure facility of communication by the city railway lines, and to provide the Coliseum with water by the extension of their water-pipes.


GRAND STREET
FERR
GRAND ST
CAKES
THESE LOTS
SALE
APPLY

THE SQUATTERS OF NEW YORK—SCENE NEAR CENTRAL PARK.—[Sketched by D. E. Wyand.]

NOT "LOVE," BUT *JUSTICE.*

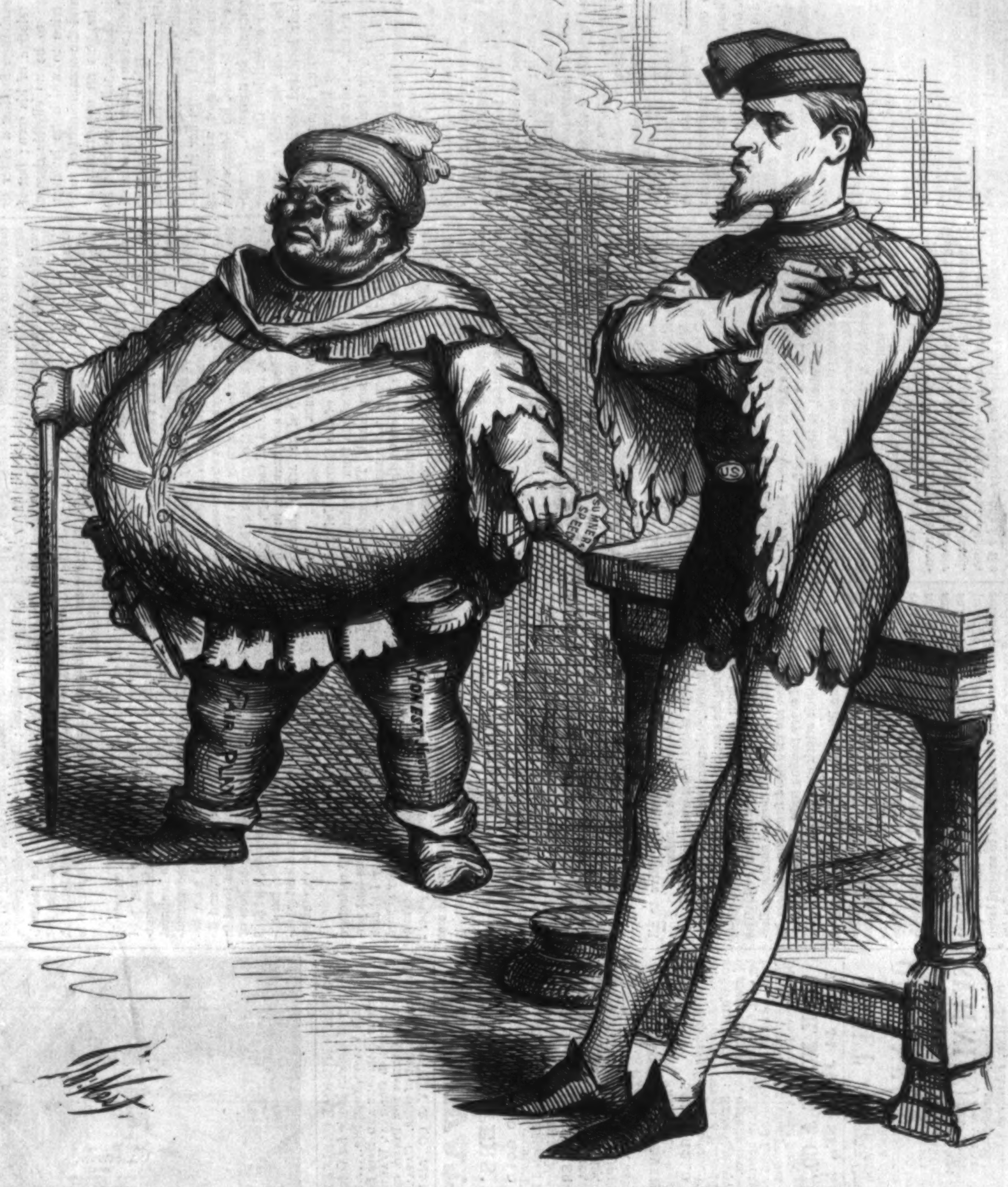
FROM LONDON *PUNCH*, MAY 29, 1869.



SIR JONATHAN FALSTAFF.

PRINCE OF WALES. "SIRRAH, DO I OWE YOU A THOUSAND POUND?"
SIR JONATHAN. "A THOUSAND POUND, AL'?—FOUR HUNDRED MILLION! THY LOVE IS WORTH FOUR HUNDRED MILLION: THOU OWEST ME THY LOVE."—SHAKSPEARE (*slightly altered*).

HARPER'S WEEKLY, JUNE 26, 1869.



SIR JOHN BULL FALSTAFF.

PRINCE JONATHAN. "HERE COMES LEAN JACK; HERE COMES BAREBONES! HOW NOW, MY SWEET CREATURE OF BOMBAST? HOW LONG IST AGO, JACK, SINCE THOU SAW'ST THINE OWN KNEE?"—SHAKSPEARE (*not altered*).

LEGEND IN ALSACE.

KNOW'ST thou, Gretchen, how it happens
 That the dear ones die?
God walks daily in his garden
 While the sun shines high:
In that garden there are roses
 Beautiful and bright,
And he gazes round delighted
 With the lovely sight:
If he marks one gayly blooming,
 Than the rest more fair,
He will pause and look upon it,
 Full of tender care:
And the beauteous rose he gathers
 In his bosom lies—
But on earth are tears and sorrow,
 For a dear one dies!

HOW NATIVE AUSTRALIANS SECURE WIVES.

IN that very entertaining book, "The Wedding-day in all Ages and Countries," just published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, which is replete with curious information, is found the following account of the marriage customs of the Australasians, which must be novel to most of our readers:

In New Zealand, the Feejee, and other islands of the Pacific, the custom of capture of women for wives has prevailed from the earliest times of the known history of those places. The native Australians also practiced the system of capturing their brides, and their primitive songs make frequent allusion to the custom. Turnbull, writing in 1805, says that, among the Australians, when a man saw a woman he liked he told her to follow him, and if she refused he forced her to accompany him by blows, ending by knocking her down and carrying her off. Sir George Grey, writing in 1841 of the Northwestern Australians, says: "Even supposing a woman to give no encouragement to her admirers, many plots are always laid to carry her off, and in the encounters which result from these she is almost certain to receive some violent injury, for each of the combatants orders her to follow him, and in the event of her refusing throws a spear at her. The early life of a young woman at all celebrated for beauty is generally one continued series of captivity to different masters, of ghastly wounds, of wanderings in strange families, of rapid flights, of bad treatment from other females, among whom she is brought a stranger by her captor; and rarely do you see a form of unusual grace and elegance but it is marked and scarred by the furrows of old wounds; and many a female thus wanders several hundred miles from the home of her infancy, being carried off successively to distant and more distant points."

A writer in 1864 says of the Australian blacks: "Courtship, as the precursor of marriage, is unknown among them. When a young warrior is desirous of procuring a wife he generally obtains one by giving in exchange for her a sister or some other female relative of his own; but if there should happen to be no eligible damsel disengaged in the tribe to which he belongs, then he hovers around the encampment of some other blacks until he gets an opportunity of seizing one of their cubras, whom perhaps he has seen and admired when attending one of the grand corroborries. His mode of paying his addresses is simple and efficacious. With a blow of his nulla-nulla (war-club) he stuns the object of his 'affections,' and drags her insensible body away to some retired spot, whence, as soon as she recovers her senses, he brings her home to his own gunyah in triumph. Sometimes two join in an expedition for the same purpose, and then for several days they watch the movements of their intended victims, using the utmost skill in concealing their presence. When they have obtained the knowledge they require they wait for a dark, windy night; then, quite naked, and carrying only their long 'jag-spears,' they crawl stealthily through the bush until they reach the immediate vicinity of the camp-fires, in front of which the girls they are in search of are sleeping. Slowly and silently they creep close enough to distinguish the figure of one of these cubras; then one of the intruders stretches out his spear, and inserts its barbed point among her thick, flowing locks; turning the spear slowly round, some of her hair speedily becomes entangled with it; then, with a sudden jerk, she is aroused from her slumber, and as her eyes open she feels the sharp point of another weapon pressed against her throat. She neither faints nor screams; she knows well that the slightest attempt at escape or alarm will cause her instant death; so, like a sensible woman, she makes a virtue of necessity, and rising silently she follows her captors. They lead her away to a considerable distance, tie her to a tree, and return to ensnare their other victim in like manner. Then, when they have accomplished their design, they hurry off to their own camp, where they are received with universal applause, and highly honored for their gallant exploit. Occasionally an alarm is given, but even then the wife-stealers easily escape amidst the confusion, to renew their attempt at some future period. When a distinguished warrior carries off a bride from a strange tribe he will frequently volunteer to undergo 'the trial of the spears,' in order to prevent the necessity of his people going to war in his defense; then both the tribes meet, and ten of their smartest and strongest young men are picked out by the aggrieved party. These are each provided with three reed-spears and a wommera, or throwing-stick; and the offender, armed only with his heiliman (a bark shield eighteen inches long by six wide), is led out in front, and placed at the distance of forty yards. Then, at a given signal, the thirty spears are launched at him in rapid succession; these he receives and parries with his shield, and so skillful are the blacks in the use of their own weapons that very seldom is any wound inflicted. Having successfully passed through this ordeal the warrior is considered to have fairly earned his cubra, and to have atoned for his offense in carrying her off; so the ceremony generally concludes by the two tribes feasting together in perfect harmony."

The native Australian women are all usually betrothed immediately after birth to men of a different tribe to their own; so that all women are wives: and the stealing of them leads to continual warfare between the clans. No woman can be betrothed to a man of her own stock.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ONE half of the entire population of New York city are said to dwell in tenement-houses, and the most wretched under-ground cellars are homes for many thousands—if such desolate holes can be miscalled homes. Enormous rents are extorted from the poor for unventilated, inconvenient, dark, damp rooms. Any method of constructing buildings, which will tend to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes in this respect will be a blessing to them; and we are glad to learn that some experiments are being tried with this end in view. A model tenement-house has been built by Mr. Thomas R. Agnew, of this city, which promises to be a complete success, both in a benevolent and in a financial aspect. The building is on West Thirty-seventh Street, well lighted and ventilated, and contains forty distinct tenements, each commodious enough for a small family to live in comfortably. Water and gas are carried through the building; and a janitress has charge of the door, keeping the halls in order, and attending to the general wants of the tenants. This system is not unlike that so common in Paris, is certainly a vast improvement upon the ordinary way of managing tenement-houses, and is found to be a good investment for the landlord.

West Point was last week crowded with fashionables who went thither to—show themselves, and to see the cadets and the President. Thursday was the day the President was expected, but a most uncomfortable day it proved—cold and rainy. Moreover, the visitors at the Point not only were damp and chilly, but disappointed also; for in consequence of an accident to the train on which President Grant traveled from Washington he did not arrive at West Point until evening. Every body had become impatient, and not a few complaints were uttered; but when news of the accident was circulated, and the narrow escape of the President and family, complaining changed to thoughtfulness. Friday was a glorious day. With the cadets there was the cavalry drill, to say nothing of the examinations, and a gorgeous display of fire-works in the evening; with the President continual hand-shaking, the inevitable cigar, few words, but plenty of office-seekers hanging around.

Now that the "heated term" may be at any time expected the luxury of public baths will be appreciated by many. The tax levy for this city, as passed by the last Legislature, appropriated $50,000 for the purpose of erecting and maintaining public baths for the use of the people at large. Application has been made to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, who have control of the wharves and piers of the city, for two piers, one upon the East and the other upon the North River, to be set apart for the purposes of these baths. The design is to commence erecting the baths immediately, so that they may be in readiness for use at an early day.

A statue of Humboldt, modeled by Professor Blaeser, of Berlin, is to be erected in Central Park next September. The Park has already some fine specimens of art, and every year additions are being made. Indeed the citizens of New York may well be proud of this beautiful pleasure-ground, so tastefully laid out, and containing so many artistic structures. Very convenient arrangements have recently been made for visitors to see the Park without the expense of hiring a private carriage. A new kind of carriage, accommodating twelve persons, is now running, in which one can make the round trip of the Park for the moderate sum of twenty-five cents.

In the Freshman class of the Cornell University there are this year two students from England, one from Russia, and one from Brazil. This institution promises to take a high rank in the country. During the present term George William Curtis has been lecturing on "Recent English Literature," and James Russell Lowell on "Early English Literature."

Professor Bunsen, of Heidelberg, recently met with a serious accident. He was engaged in the preparation of pure rhodium, when, in consequence of the carelessness of an attendant, a fearful explosion occurred, by which his eyes and hands were severely burned. As soon as he had recovered from the unconsciousness following the accident, his first words were: "Let some one scrape up the rhodium from the floor and save it." Some years ago Professor Bunsen lost the use of one eye by a similar explosion; it was feared that the remaining eye had been destroyed by this last accident; but the physician expressed the hope that the injury was not incurable. Upon hearing this this hero of science exclaimed, "Thank God! I can now ascertain what was the condition of the metal when it blew up." But the injury is very serious, and it will be a long time before he will be able to resume his scientific labors.

Saratoga, Niagara, the Adirondacks, the White Mountains, and all hitherto famous summer resorts are quite thrown into the shade by the very idea of a summer excursion to the Arctic regions! Mr. William Bradford, an artist whose paintings of Polar scenery have been greatly admired, is about to undertake a second trip up among the icebergs. He has chartered a steamship at St. Johns, Newfoundland, engaged two skillful photographers, and is ready to take a limited number of passengers with him. How every body will wish they had gone when the "heated term" comes on!

The *Courrier de San Francisco* uses a French invention, known as the Lenoir engine, as a motive power in running the press upon which that paper is printed. The machine resembles the ordinary steam-engine, but is more bulky, having two cylinders—one for the introduction of gas or air, and the other for its escape. The propelling agency consists of ninety parts of air and ten of ordinary illuminating gas; this compound is introduced into each end of the cylinder, where it is alternately ignited by an electric spark from a Bunson battery, and by the expansion of the air caused thereby acts on the piston in the same manner as steam. It has been used with favor in Paris for five years.

A Roman astronomer has lately shown that the twinkling of the stars is to be referred to momentary deviations from their straight path of certain of the colored rays which unite to form a beam of starlight. Our atmosphere first disperses or separates the colors, and then for an instant turns the course of some of them, leaving the others to come to the eye. He also announces that the rotation of the earth has an influence on the twinkling of the stars.

It is currently reported that Mr. George Peabody will hereafter remain in this country.

An investigating exchange has attempted the difficult and uncertain task of ascertaining the ages of persons connected with the press. It finally guesses the puzzle, as follows: "As near as we can get at the ages here and hereabout, they are thus: Bennet, 70; Bryant, 75; Greeley, 60; Raymond, 48; Mrs. Stanton, 29; Miss Anthony, 29; Mrs. Shepard, 29; Eleanor Kirk, 29; Jennie June, 29; Miss Dickinson, 29."

From Paris, the source of so many horrible stories, true and false, comes an account of the attempt of a mother to poison her little boy, who had been sent to the hospital to recover from a system of alternate beating and starving. She went to the hospital, under pretense of visiting her child, carrying him a parcel of cakes. Visitors not being allowed to bring eatables, unless authorized by a physician, the cakes were forfeited. They were found to contain the sulphurous ends of lucifer-matches, mixed with sugar—enough in one cake to poison two adults.

A gentleman having a somewhat confused memory recently received the following reminder: "I lent you one year ago to-night four dollars and eighty-seven cents. If you have not had it long enough, please keep one year longer." He concisely replied: "Had forgotten it, and hoped you had. Let her run another year."

Egyptian mummies are fabricated on a large scale in Paris. One man alone has manufactured no less than 800 of these interesting relics of the Ptolemian era for provincial museums alone.

There are five varieties of street pavement which are chiefly used in New York city. The "cobble-stone," "Russ," and "Belgian," are pretty well known, having been in use a long time. The noiseless "Nicholson" pavement has been laid in some of the side streets of the city, to the great comfort of residents of those streets. The "Geded" pavement is a new kind recently introduced, and bears the name of a German who patented it. It is made of deep, narrow, granite blocks, from three and a half to five inches thick, nine to ten inches long, and twelve inches deep. These blocks are laid lengthwise across the street, in a bed of gravel and coarse sand. After they are driven in solidly, sand is spread over the whole surface, which sinks into every crack.

A Berlin society has been trying to ascertain what means may be used to produce upon bronze works that envied green deposit—that beautiful and protective patina—the *verd antique*, which is the delight of connoisseurs. From various investigations it was believed that *oil* was the cause in some way. Several busts were treated to test the point. One was oiled monthly, another twice a year, while others were left alone or merely washed with water. After many months the oft-greased specimen was found to be beautifully patinated; that which was oiled twice a year was verdurized less effectually, and the unlubricated figures not at all. How the fat acted was not clearly traceable; and any excess of it was fatal. A mere rubbing with some lightly greased material is sufficient.

The soil of the city of Constantinople is extremely barren of springs, and almost the whole supply of water is brought through aqueducts from the mountains near the shores of the Black Sea. Ice is almost unknown; some snow is brought from the mountains, but it is very expensive. Residents soon become accustomed to the almost tepid water, and do not care for iced water. A gentleman, who lived in Constantinople for many years, said that the item of water alone, for a family of a dozen persons, cost $300 a year. Articles for table use are expensive, but excellent. Butter is seldom seen, but the nicest possible honey is a sort of substitute, and the vegetables are delicious.

There is a comical press law in France. A caricature of any person must not be published unless that person gives his consent. "Please, Sir, may I sketch you with a big nose, or queer legs, or in a very absurd position?" must be asked by the artist, and permission gained, or woe be to him if he put pencil to paper!

An unfortunate individual, who, however, has met with a very common experience, writes concerning the horse-railroad car that while it was built for twenty it is taken possession of by sixty. There are twenty in the seats, twenty on the platforms, and twenty suspended in the passage-way by straps from the roof. The fortunate occupier of a seat can not move his arms, for they are pinioned to his side, nor his feet, for a big market-basket is before him. His eyes also "are fixed in close proximity to garments that have not been subjected to the wash-tub, and as to his olfactory organs, he is reminded of Sir John Falstaff's experiences in the buck-basket."

The white ant (*Termites*) is so destructive to all wood-work that at the inception of railways in Hindostan the ravages of this insect were greatly dreaded, and serious apprehensions existed as to the possibility of preserving the sleepers from their attacks. Practically, it has been found that the existence of these busy little millions is not a very serious evil. The ants are accustomed to work in covered earthen galleries, and as these are dislodged from the sleepers by the vibration of every passing train, they have continually to begin their attack over again.

A writer in the Pittsburg *Commercial* discourses at length upon Smoke—that dismal drawback to work, pleasure, comfort, convenience, and cleanliness in that busy city. He argues that one of the first steps toward the prevention of smoke would be secured by employing firemen who understand their business, and make it a study to use coal skillfully. Also the smoke nuisance may be suppressed by smoke consumers. In France and England, where, owing to the passage of laws for the prevention of smoke, the smoke producers have been compelled to expend large sums of money in introducing various plans for its prevention, their efforts have been moderately successful.

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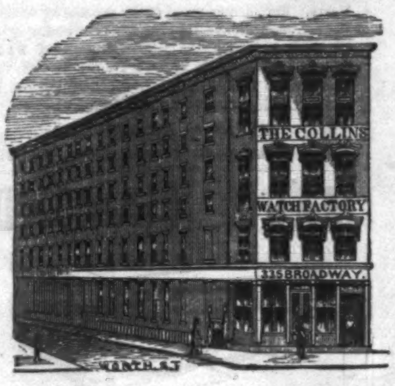

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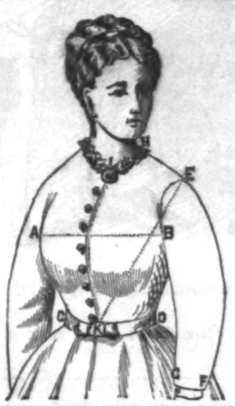

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